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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1683 APRIL 23, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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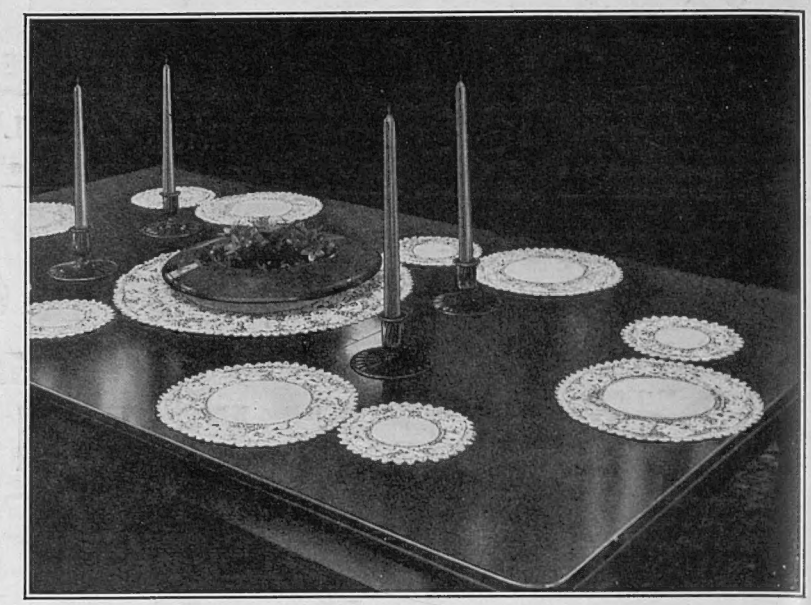

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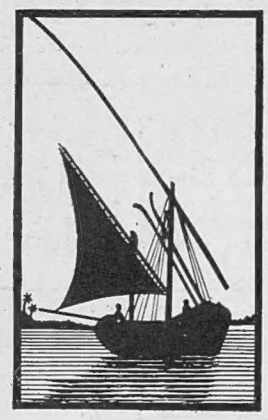

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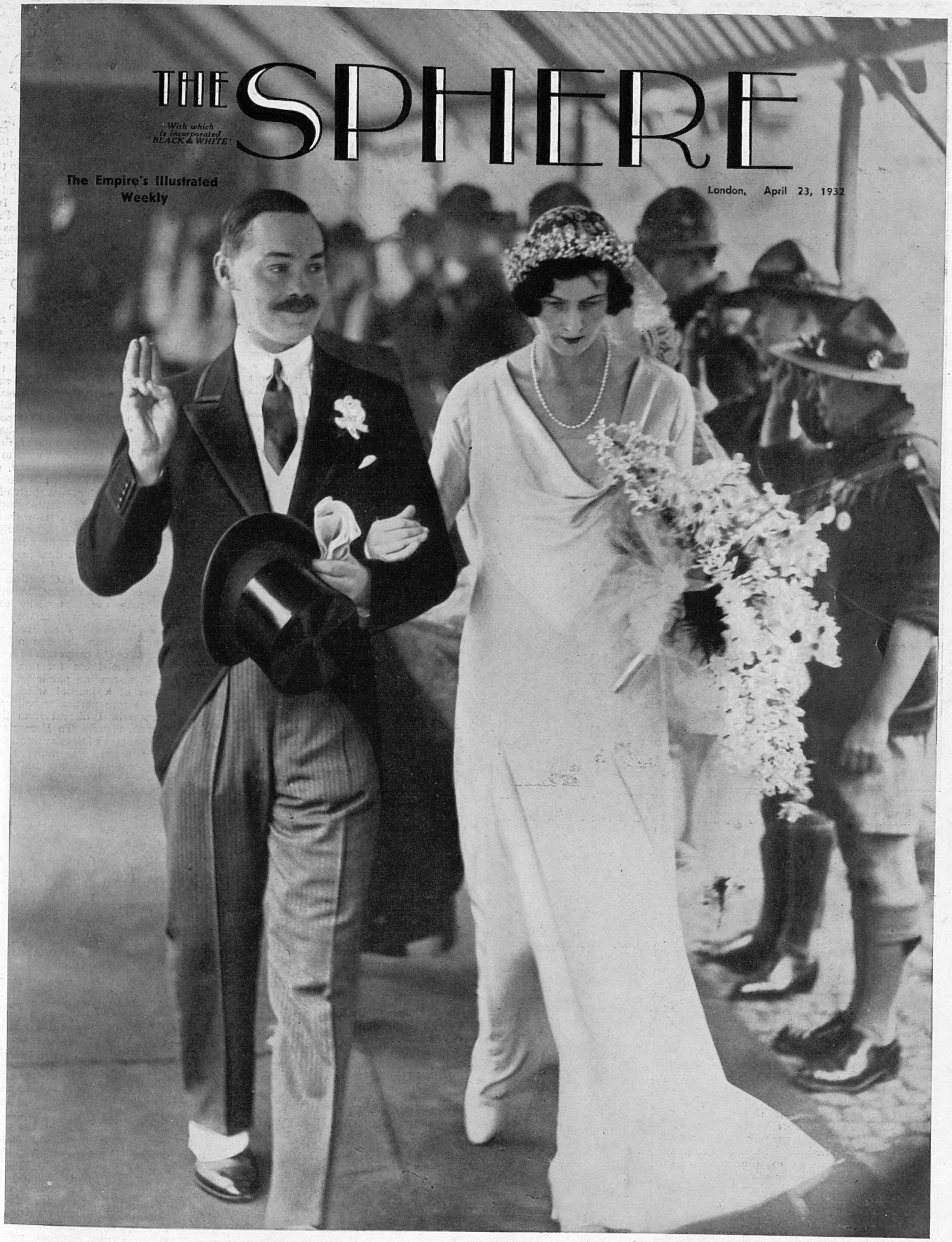


"WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOUR"

Lord Hyde, with His Bride, the Hon. Marion Glyn, whose Wedding at Westminster Abbey was Attended by the King and Queen

The wedding of Lord Hyde, the godson of the King, the son and heir of the Earl of Clarendon, Governor-General of South Africa, and the Hon. Marion Glyn, daughter of Lord and Lady Wolverton, was an event of outstanding importance in the social season. The King and Queen were present at the ceremony which was held in the Henry VII chapel at Westminster Abbey and both signed the register. A guard of honour was provided by the Scouts, of which Lord Hyde is a rover. A crowd of 10,000 waited outside the Abbey to cheer not only the bride and groom but the King and Queen; 700 guests were at the ceremony. Affairs of State kept Lord Clarendon in South Africa, but Lady Clarendon was present, making a special voyage home for the occasion

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY OF GREAT BRITAIN: Royal Army Engineers are at present busy in the City carrying out the initial phase of a great Ordnance Survey of the whole island. A lance-corporal of the regiment is seen above with a theodolite in the Street of Adventure

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 20, 1932.

THE BUDGET.—We know our fate. It is not so black as the worst prognostications and it is not nearly so rosy as the best. In the good old days we knew our fate (so far as the Exchequer's call on our purses was concerned) for a year. Nowadays Budgets are in the nature of interim statements. Anything may happen, good or bad, to vary the programme before the financial year is out. Disappointed optimists and pessimists alike may take comfort from the thought. A few weeks ago I dared to forecast the sense of some of Mr. Chamberlain's "points." I am not dissatisfied with my efforts to play Old Moore. How (you are asking) did this anonymous journalist forecast weeks ahead many of the *actual words* used by the Chancellor? Had he indeed some sinister and back-stair access to the great and jealously-guarded speech typed in its final form so long before zero hour? I will let you into a secret. Budget phrases are cast-iron. They never vary in words but only in figures. The reason why this truth is so little known is that in our anxiety to catch the figures we don't listen to the words, those well-worn moral maxims, window-dressings, summarizations, warnings, admonitions, aspirations, bromides, and soporifics which we call oratory.

"Let wealth and commerce, laws, and learning die,
But leave us still our ancient brewery."

MARYLEBONE.—Not all the waters of the Marylebone Baths (changed daily during the summer months) will wash the Marylebone Constitutional Union (what a curiously unfortunate choice of words!) clean from a stigma, caused in part by a most unfortunate chain of circumstances. Always and for ever it is the same thing in English politics. Scratch a patriot and you will find a partisan. Scratch a national and you will find a party man. I suppose if Sir Rennell Rodd had foreseen the possible consequences, he would have announced his impending resignation with even greater secrecy and even longer notice in order that the party association might have in privacy thrashed out its policy and adjusted its differences on the question of the choice of a successor. As it was, the Marylebone Constitutional Union was caught by the limelight man and the curtain raiser while stumbling and quarrelling through a most ragtime undress rehearsal. And inevitably the cause of National Government and of the Conservative Party suffers at an unfortunate time. Marylebone indeed—that choice seat—has often suffered from an *embarras de richesse*. Both her present candidates were in different ways "ideal" for the seat. The chosen candidate possesses a self-confidence so superb as to be worth every other human qualification known or imagined for success in politics. But Captain Reid had been wiser (if youth could only learn to tear up those brilliant letters it writes in white heat!) not to have published in the Press that rapping over the knuckles which he deemed it fit to give to older and wiser men of his party and constituency who dared to see merit in the candidate whom Captain Reid most curiously refers to as "his opponent."

THIS KING BUSINESS.—Thank God, we do not run this king business as they still do it in Ruritania or Rumania. There is something immense, egregious, gorgeous, in the ingenuous generosity of Carol to his erring brother. Nicholas of Rumania is well and truly married to the woman of his choice, Madame Savianu. As she is not of royal blood he is in disgrace. Sentence of exile has been passed, but his kingly brother has exercised the royal prerogative of mercy, tempered surely with a shrewd and almost cynical knowledge of the world. For twelve months that "exile" is to masquerade under the name of "leave of absence." This enables the prince to "draw his civil allowances." He is to "masquerade" in Paris, and the king's wide experience of the world gives him hope that a prince, flush with money, masquerading in Paris, may very well find twelve months not too short a time in which to forget his marriage vows, cool towards his wife, and return a penitent to receive further royal favours and lost royal honours. Carol is a king of very great experience. This is a cynicism which not even the sons of George III indulged. On the contrary, they for the most part fought for the rights of and stuck manfully to the wives of their choice, and in the end the heads of their royal house respected them for their constancy and courage. Never for a moment was the Duke of Sussex untrue to Lady Amelia Murray or Lady Cecilia Underwood, whom Queen Victoria at last acknowledged as Duchess of Inverness. For twenty years William and his royal brothers honoured his wife in name, Mrs. Jordan, and even George IV revealed a spark of moral courage and decency for Mrs. Fitzherbert, his wife in name and in fact.

LET ISRAEL REJOICE.—The consequences of the Andes volcanoes are not likely to prove so disastrous as was anticipated. Truth to tell, the age in which we live has grown so black, so pregnant with misfortune, due in part to Nature, and in part to the blindness, folly, and selfishness of mankind, that we have acquired a disaster and record-complex, and almost vaingloriously exaggerate the extent of every new setback which occurs. We preen ourselves on living in an age of records and lay the black paint on with generous hand. One must have black type for people who have learned to read headlines, but not yet advanced to spelling through news in smaller type. All the same, it was a terrible and daunting experience and quite bad enough to jolt and set back the faintly ticking economic machinery of South America on whose return to more normal trade conditions England so greatly depends. Small wonder if those who are more superstitious than religious or reasoning see in this chain of misfortunes, this constant darkening of our murky sky, the hand of an angry Providence punishing us for our blunders and folly which smell to Heaven. Let British Israel rejoice and be glad. The end of the world is steadily approaching.

EXIT THE BROWN SHIRTS.—And now the only private citizen in civilization to retain his private army is the Duke of Atholl. For I do not count d'Annunzio's private naval armament. I believe the authorities are not watching the Duke of Atholl's private army with increasing anxiety. It is a most orderly and loyal force, the Atholl Highlanders, composed of Murrays and Morays and Stewarts and gentlemen of allied clans. They contemplate no *coup d'état* and are not even planning to re-annexe the Isle of Man, once part of the Atholl Kingdom. But Hitler's lot was another matter. These brown shirts have made themselves a nuisance all over Germany and there was not a Government among all the Federal States that had not petitioned the President to suppress with a strong hand the large organization of political Junkers who have adapted the bad old Prussian military arrogance to achieve their political aims and adopted a policy which has kept Germany in a state of unrest and prevented any hope of a return to confidence and sober reconstruction. The broad-minded toleration which has suffered this army to flourish and increase is very foreign to the spirit of Germany, and Europe will be easier for the President's action, and so also (I lay) will Hitler himself. It would appear that the ex-Crown Prince is silly little Willie still. He has learned nothing and remembers nothing. He is an adept at backing the wrong horse.

PROGRESS AND DEMOCRACY.—Archbishop Temple is morally brave. He is not afraid to criticize Democracy, nor to question whether the Press of this country has an influence wholly excellent. Thus he lays his hands impiously on the only two sacred institutions which survive to to us; sacred, because we dread (without being able to estimate) their power to punish criticizm, and to impose on us the will of the dictator. Sheltering behind the generous bulk of the Archbishop, I raise my pigmy voice to applaud his sentiments. Democracy, said he, does little to forward its recognized ideal—the development of a spirit of fellowship which is compatible with independence of thought. How true, say I! Can you think of a single bright, new institution in this country developed on modern democratic lines (be it a village co-operative society, or a mighty trade union that has not bred a bitterer jealousy and suspicion between man and man thus artificially united to protect their class from the oppression of a "higher" class, than was ever dreamed of in the bad old days of aristocracy? I cannot. The Archbishop blames the Press for this, or rather the Press-reading public for its choice always of a journal which expresses only its own particular political views. But herein I dissent from the Archbishop's views. To Democracy in its present stage of development, politics is spelt pockets. Democracy, educated to its present standard, cannot reason and can only read large print in headlines. Therefore I acquit of any influence on Democracy all those journals which use the smaller founts of type or waste ink on serious politics of any shade of opinion whatsoever.

. . . .

And then as to progress. The Archbishop said that few things are so important as trying to get a clear notion of what is meant by progress. The development of fast travel and wireless were not in themselves progress. Here, sheltering still in the Archbishop's skirts, I scream my applause. How true, how nakedly true! We boast and boost because we have covered 400 miles in an hour and exchanged banalities with the Antipodes in a few seconds, but we have no sane messages to exchange, no constructive remedies for our misery to propose. We preen our brilliant feathers while our fledgelings droop for lack of proper sustenance. We turn on electric buttons to listen to uplifting talks on progress in culture, science, the arts, the social services, and turn deaf ears to the screams of worn-out horses, of young men trapped in submarines, of young girls exported for the pleasure of Dagoes; to the crying evidence from every quarter of dirt and injustice and vulgarity commercialised and triumphant, of hatred and suspicion and rivalry between nations, classes, and the neighbours in a million mean streets. How right is Dr. Temple! How sad that his pulpit is set up in the desert!

"THE BIRTHDAY."—A week or two ago on his page in THE SPHERE Mr. Cecil Roberts said some hard things about the Memorial Theatre at Stratford. He had just narrowly escaped death, and immediately after, his eye fell on that completed façade and he began to have doubts (about that escape). To many his remarks must have been like a red rag to a bull. But I confess that I read them with

sletter

sympathy, the sympathy one extends to the zeal of his fellow workers in a noble cause. For I, like Mr. Roberts, have striven for the preservation of that "desirable river frontage" and recognize its significance in our English heritage, since first I saw it in spring and youth when Shakespeare dawned on my darkness. If Mr. Roberts felt that the building outraged the beauty of the site he was justified in writing vigorously. As regards the outside, the truth must be faced. Men who have passed or reached middle age, if their tastes are rooted in the English traditions of earlier days, are incapable of judging impartially to-day's architecture of youth. Youth to-day revolts from tradition, regards imitation as failure confessed, must express itself in stark realism, courts hostility, puts strength before grace, is terrified of the pretty-pretty (which is mediocrity's efforts to be graceful), seeks to impose its will by mass effect. And so when youth is asked to design a building to harmonize with a gentle or serene work of nature youth can't do it without abandoning its charter. Mellow little red bricks are the very thing for a building on Avon's banks but not, in my opinion, for a stark mass of unrelenting strength. For me, as for Mr. Roberts, Avon's bank at Stratford is spoiled for ever. But I am quite ready to believe that my children will find here a perfect harmonizing of the work of nature and man.

. . . .

And now to walk inside. The Memorial Theatre is, from a producer's point of view, perfect and completely up to date. It is fit to cope with the stage devices required in *Late Night Final*. It eliminates labour and delays. Scenes revolve into place, massive "sets" rise from the bowels of the river swiftly as a New York elevator. Actresses grease-paint their faces in palatial suites, and so on. All this raises a huge question. Should Shakespeare be played on Avon's banks with the devices of *Late Night Final*? Is *Midsummer Night's Dream*, played in Arcadian surroundings, improved by live rabbits and electrically controlled fairies, and Bottoms translated into terms of Hollywood? After all, the stars and the masses come to Stratford only for a few weeks each year. For perfect Shakespeare, give *me* the stage facilities available in Southwark in 1600. But, as I admit, I am an incorrigible die-hard. Sumptuous, gemlike, a magic harmony of woods and sea-green marbles, a superb blending of form and colour—these are word pictures which will describe the interior decoration. Throw in sycamore doors, playing fountains, cocktail bar, and riverside tea arbours, and you have the perfect cinema described to you — super-cinema, luxury cinema, I needn't say. A triumph for all concerned. The Americans will be satisfied that their money is well laid out. But will the nightingales sing still on Avon's banks? Or will the Swan of Avon offer instead his swan song? What a chance there was for a simple little theatre to redeem the gross blunders of the past mercifully obliterated by Providence.

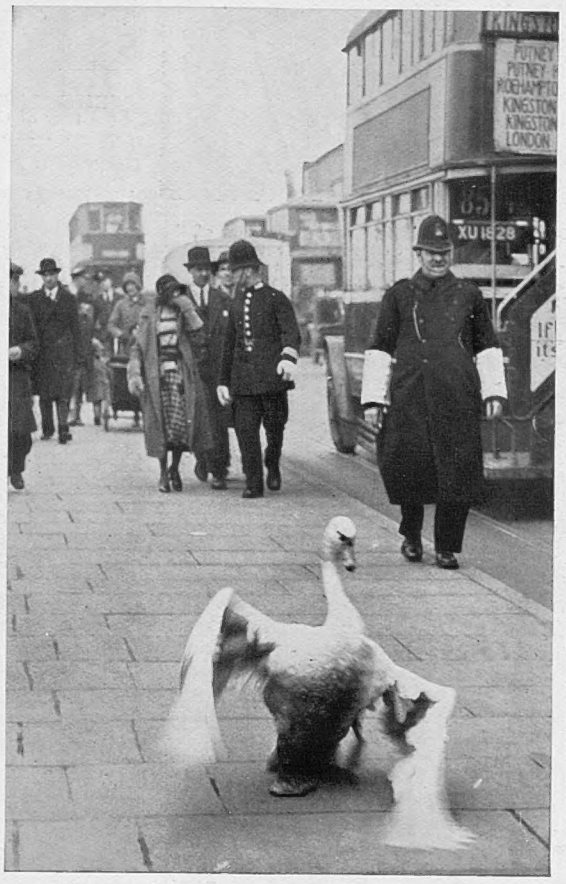
ANNIE, LADY COWDRAY.—

Annie, Lady Cowdray, whose death in Paris last week-end came as a sudden shock to all but her family and intimates, was a remarkable woman. Possessed of untiring energy, great organizing and business ability, a kind heart and a right judgment, she was an ideal wife for a pioneer in the far corners of the world. The late Lord Cowdray paid many a tribute to his partner in life and business. She was left very rich, and few women have made a wiser use of money. She gave more than cheques to hospitals and other charities; she gave her interest and her sound advice and experience. Her strength of character was revealed in her family circle as in the wider spheres of usefulness. She was very much a matriarch. The Pearsons have gradually become deeply rooted in Sussex, and probably own more property in that county to-day than the older territorial magnates, the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond and Lord Leconfield. They own the estates of Cowdray and Parham and Paddockhurst, which make up a big acreage. The Dowager Lady Cowdray was also left the great walled demesne of Dunecht, in Aberdeenshire, and the house in Carlton Terrace, where for many years she benefited society and the profession as a discerning patroness of music.

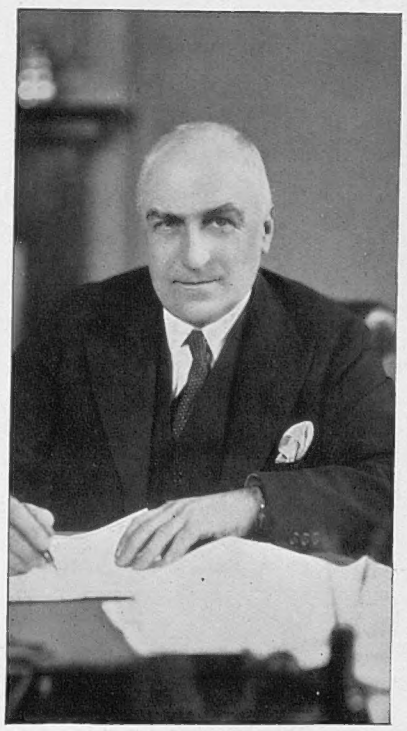
THE OLD STAGER.

THE FOURTH OF THE 1932 SERIES OF WET WEEK-ENDS: The advent of summer time proved as ironical as any effort the British climate has ever made. A dull day with intermittent and dismal showers of icy rain marked the putting forward of the clocks. Even the Row was almost deserted last Sunday—only a felt-hatted, rain-coated Spartan being visible. Last summer the week-ends were fantastic in their unpleasantness it is said this year will be better

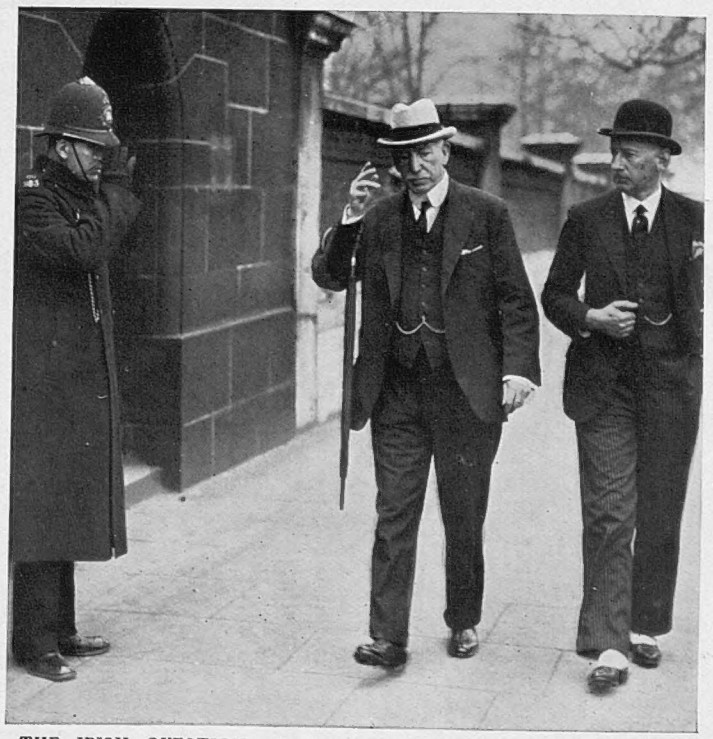
A PRINCE AND SOME QUEENS: Prince George chats to some of the Pearly Queens during his tour of the depots established for the sale of roses in aid of St. George's Hospital. These ladies were stationed at the Guildhall, Westminster



A FORCED LANDING was made by a swan when flying over Putney Bridge a few days ago. Traffic was dislocated for some time for the bird collided with the tramway wires and crashed. A policeman is seen "shoo-ing" the swan off the bridge during the rush hour

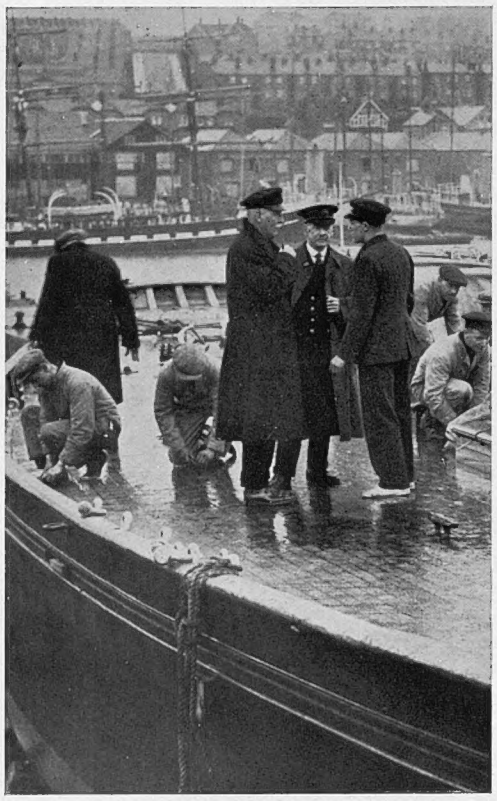


THE PRESIDENT OF THE F.B.I.: Sir George Beharrell, who was elected at the general meeting to the presidency of the Federation of British Industries in succession to Sir James Lithgow



THE IRISH QUESTION: Lord Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, who came to London last week after a secret night journey from Belfast. His visit has aroused a considerable amount of interest. Lord Craigavon with his Attorney-General, Mr. A. B. Babington, is seen above *en route* to the House of Commons where he conferred with the Cabinet

HOME NEWS



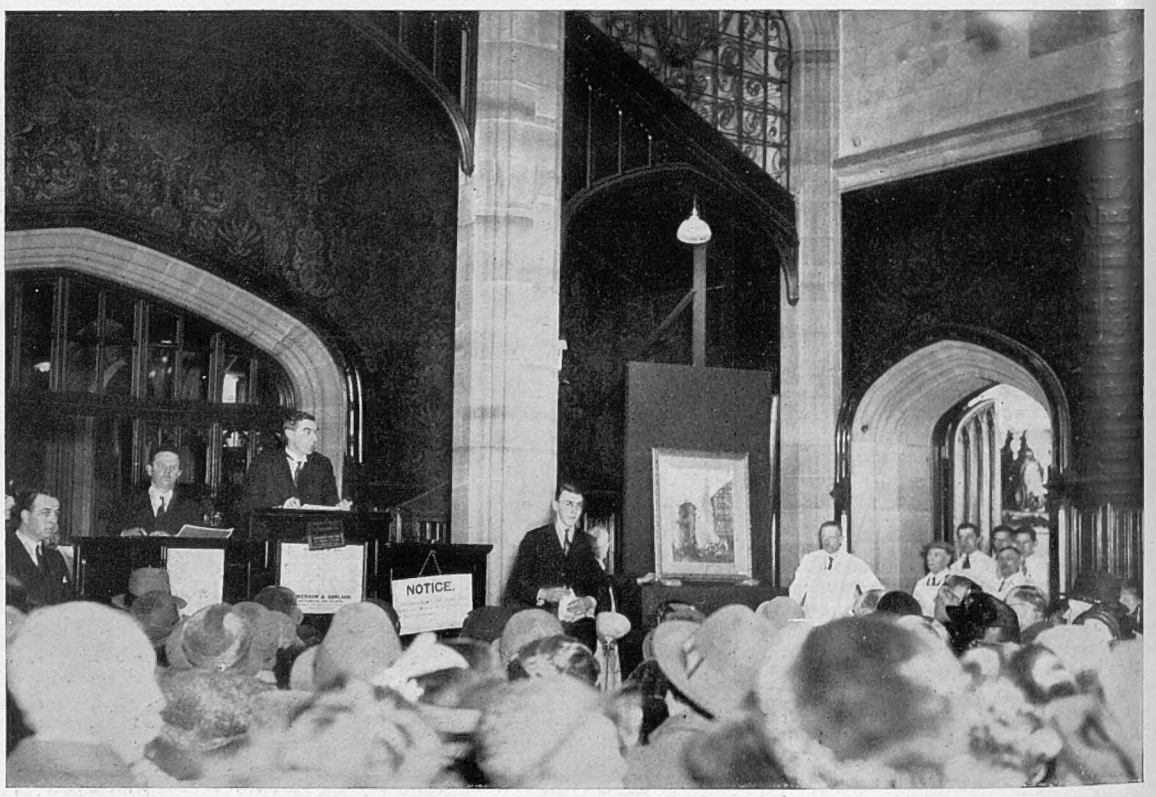
RECONDITIONING *BRITANNIA*: The crew of the King's famous racing cutter have just joined the vessel at Cowes and are preparing her for the season. Sir Philip Hunloke is seen chatting to Captain Turner and the new mate of the vessel

FOOD FOR THOUGHT! Penguin eggs are the latest delicacy for the epicures of London and are now used instead of plovers' eggs. They are said to contain much brain-building tissue

WHO TOLD THAT ONE? Sir Kynaston Studd, on behalf of the M.C.C., welcomes at Victoria Station the Maharajah of Porbandar and the other members of the Indian cricket team

WHITE CARGO! The train containing the President and Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers starting out for their tour of the docks extension works on the western shore, Southampton—one of the most considerable schemes of the type ever undertaken. The party inspected the works, studied map-making in the Ordnance Survey office, and finished up with tea aboard the great Cunarder, *Aquitania*, whose rudder has been recently refitted

THE AIR-CONQUERING HERO: Mr. J. A. Mollison who arrived at Southampton after breaking the England-Capetown air record so decisively, hurried to Basingstoke by 'plane immediately on debarkation. There he took part in the National Air Pageant arranged by Sir Alan Cobham. Mr. Mollison is seen above being cheered vociferously by his admirers on his arrival at the pageant



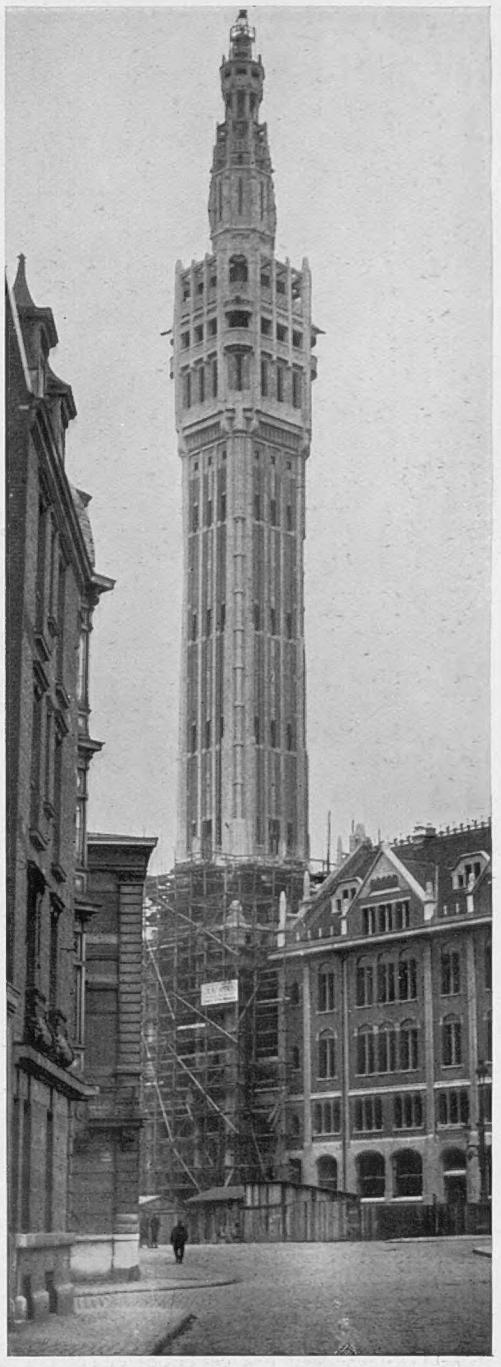
£95,000 REFUSED: The most famous picture in Britain at the moment is unquestionably Lawrence's "Master Lambton"—popularly known as Red Boy—which, with other art treasures, was put up for auction at Lambton Castle, Durham. Despite so high a bid as £95,000, the picture was withdrawn. Lawrence's "Pinkie" fetched 74,000 guineas a few years ago. This view shows a moment of the sale of the art treasures of the house of Durham

FOREIGN NEWS

HINDENBURG HALTS HITLER: The gigantic crowd in Munich watches the closing of the Brown House in Munich—the headquarters of the entire Nazi organization—by the police who thereby executed the first order of the newly-elected President—an order expressed in a superbly laconic telegram, "Greif"—i.e., "Grab"

MUSLIMS IN EUROPE: Last week the great Islamic ceremony of Aid el Kebir—commemorating the exchange of a sheep for Isaac on the occasion of Abraham's sacrifice—was held. This picture shows the ceremony of the presentation of the sheep at the Paris Mosque in the presence of Si Ben Gabbritt, Director of the Paris Mussulman Institute

ON THE WAITING LIST!: Miss Mary Pickford, seen above between Messrs. William Gillette, the veteran star, and Daniel Frohman, assumes the rôle of waitress at the Actors Dinner Club, New York, where meals are served at half-price to members of "the profession" hit by the slump and consequently in moderate circumstances, and gratis to the needy—one of the latest semi-charitable institutions formed to alleviate the present distress



THE TALLEST BELFRY IN FRANCE is at Lille. 107 metres high it dominates the entire district. It was designed by M. Em. Dubuisson and is made in the new medium-reinforced concrete

AN INFANT PRODIGY: Master Grisha Goluhoff of America who at the age of nine gave his first Berlin concert at the German Press Club. He played the Suite for Violin by Sinding, seen above

BRITAIN'S BUD

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, whose colossal task of turning a deficit into a credit has put Britain in her old position in the estimation of the world

On Tuesday Mr. Neville Chamberlain introduced a Budget which marks the rehabilitation of British credit and the restoration of the national finances. From it will date the end of free trade follies in a tariff-ridden world and the beginning of the era of scientific protection in the great island market, with closer economic co-operation among the component parts of the Empire. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about this historic Budget is that it does not open with the deficit of £150,000,000 forecast by the May Economy Committee last summer. On the contrary there is a small surplus.

Government acts alone are not responsible for this miracle. It is due to a new national unity and a political revolution of unexampled rapidity and effectiveness. Luck has played no part. Prosperity has not been a factor. The island people, by an heroic effort and an exhibition of political wisdom at which the world still wonders, has got out of one of the tightest corners it was ever in, emerged triumphantly from one of the toughest struggles upon which it has ever embarked. And all this has happened in just eight short months.

To obtain a correct view of the present situation it is necessary to recall the chief events in Britain over the last fifteen years and to review the crisis which came to a head in the summer of last year.

England went into the War with a public debt of £600,000,000. She emerged (thanks largely to her policy of borrowing on her credit and re-loaning to her War allies) with a public debt of £7,000,000,000, the world's largest. This colossal debt was shouldered by a population of under 50,000,000, who became—still are—the most heavily taxed people on earth. The American public debt is only £3,200,000,000 distributed over a population of 120,000,000. Nevertheless, in 1923 Britain funded her War debt to America at £900,000,000, and two years later she put the pound back on gold at the old par value of 4.8615.

The return to gold was made haphazard. No proper trading equilibrium between the various countries was established. Some countries had deflated (Britain was one), some had devalued their currencies and so relieved the Government of much financial strain (France and Italy were two of those). There was no general political agreement between the chief nations on the major world problems. The bank chiefs, and the Governments they advised and influenced, gambled on the decline of post-War nationalism in a degree sufficient to permit the smooth working of the international gold standard, which can only work properly in a world where individual States subordinate national policy to the general world tide. The failure of that gamble is now history.

Britain, with her world trade, her financial contacts all over the planet, her dependence on invisible exports (profits from shipping and international banking, and dividends on her £4,000,000,000 of overseas investments) was inevitably the chief sufferer from the post-War disease of economic nationalism, with its systems of high tariffs, gold hoarding, declining world trade, and falling prices.

Her producers and traders were hard hit by the return to gold at the old ratio in a period of falling gold prices. It put them at a disadvantage in world markets. Industry, besides, was staggering under labour troubles and high taxes. All the wealth-producing elements were working against brakes applied in all directions and all angles. So England slowly fell back until, with the stream from invisible exports reduced from £150,000,000 to a trickle, international trade freezing up, and the foreigner dumping his surplus in her unprotected home market, she lost her credit position and had to record an adverse trade balance of £400,000,000.

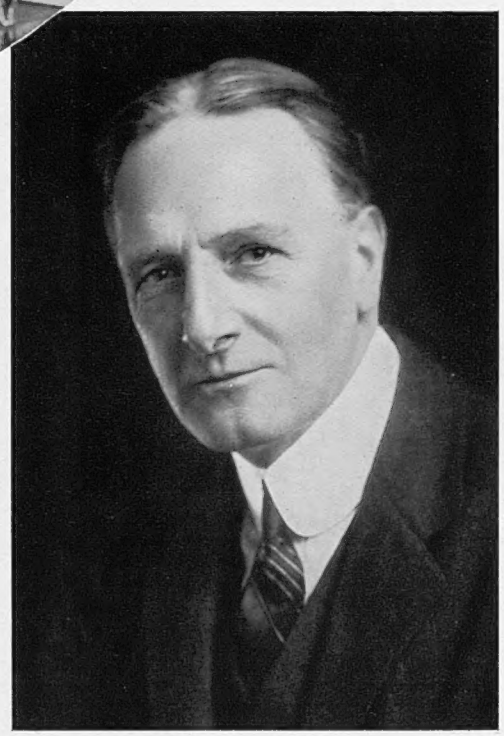
With revenues thus diminished she should have cut her national expenditure. Predatory politics prevented that. On the contrary, expenditure went on rising. It got to the point where it exceeded revenue. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labour-Socialist Government, opened the financial year of 1931–2 with a deficit of £23,000,000, not counting £36,000,000 borrowed for the Unemployment Insurance Fund. With £37,000,000 of new money to find he shook the trees and gathered the windfalls—£10,000,000 from anticipated income-tax revenue, £20,000,000 from the dollar exchange reserve fund, £7,000,000 from a 2d. on hydrocarbon oils.

These methods of political cowardice and opportunism should have been denounced. But the opponents of the Socialists were in a quandary. Their own man, Winston Churchill—Cæsarian individualist, magnificent in some rôles, but ill-suited, I think, at the Treasury—had set the example which Snowden followed. He also had shaken the trees and gathered the windfalls, evading the stern necessity for cutting expenditure and raising further tax revenue, putting off the inevitable day of reckoning. However, Snowden did go one better than the prodigal Churchill. He appointed an economy Committee to investigate the whole field of Government expenditure and make recommendations. Neither he nor anybody else at that time suspected that this apparently innocuous committee would turn out to be high explosive.

A Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance made its interim report, recommending certain reforms in the finance of the bankrupt fund. The Labour Government pigeon-holed the report. Parliament adjourned for the recess. The sun shone, life went on, people made the most of the brief English summer. And then the May Economy Committee published its report. It calculated the deficit for 1932–33 at £150,000,000 and recommended economies totalling only £96,000,000, £66,000,000 of that being lopped off the dole.

The country was startled, but not half so startled as the watching bankers and syndicates of international speculators in New York, Paris, Brussels, and other strategic financial centres. The onlookers saw the position more clearly than the island folk who had it under their noses. Things were going from bad to worse. International trade was gradually freezing up; no sign of a thaw. England would feel the pinch with increasing severity. The army of jobless would rise, might reach 4,000,000. The cost of relieving unemployment, put by the official memorandum at a total cost during 1932–33 of £143,000,000 (Poor Law Relief apart), would soar. The taxpayers had to find £114,000,000 of that £143,000,000. Could they do it? The Government was already overtly borrowing £1,000,000 a week to meet its current expenditure. How long could it keep that sort of thing up?

The outside world, detachedly examining the figures, concluded that Britain was sliding with increasing momentum towards a great economic and financial smash. Further, it looked as if the moral fibre of the British people had become gravely impaired by their prolonged economic plight, and that the national accounts were dishonest in much the same way that the Kreuger accounts have been found to be dishonest; they misrepresented the real position and solvency of the concern. Everywhere abroad appeared streaming headlines announcing Britain's approaching bankruptcy. It was a great time for the "rats," the international bear syndicates who were subsequently to make colossal profits bearing the pound sterling.



SIR GEORGE MAY, the Chairman of the Committee whose report precipitated the formation of the National Government and the re-awakening of Britain, and now sits as Chairman of the Tariff Committee

Responsible bankers and statesmen seriously doubted the ability of the island people to overcome the problems confronting them. The masses, they argued, had been debauched by predatory socialism. For years they had been bribed indiscriminately by all political parties. They would never turn out the labour-leaders and back a strong Government with a programme of drastic retrenchment, including a cut in the dole and a clean-up of the whole dole administration.

But foreign opinion misjudged the temper and spirit of the British majority. After a spasm of anger with the May Committee—responsible, he declared, for the precipitation of the political crisis—Ramsay MacDonald shifted from a party to a national basis. Thomas and Snowden, the brains and character of the labour-socialist group, moved over with him. The remainder of the labour-socialists ignominiously bolted. A swift rally of the constructive forces of the State took place. Tories and Liberals composed their differences sufficiently to form a powerful alliance under the nominal leadership of the former Labour Party chief.

Snowden, with a freer hand, brought in a second Budget in September. It opened on a terrible note. The May Committee had been accused of over-painting the position. Snowden revealed that the world depression had upset his calculations. He had estimated the yield of tax revenue at £680,000,000. But the yield was going to fall short of that figure by £30,000,000. The prospective deficit would therefore be nearer £170,000,000 than £150,000,000. The current financial year would show a deficit of no less than £75,000,000.

To meet this the Chancellor proposed Draconian measures: reduction of the Sinking Fund, cessation of borrowing for the Dole and the Road Funds, retrenchments totalling £22,000,000, 6d. added to the income tax and its basis broadened.

Three-quarters of the £40,500,000 of new taxes were direct ones, cutting deep into the capital resources of the nation. No attempt was made to spread the burden more equably by even slightly taxing consumable commodities. For this Chancellor was a Socialist and a Free-Trader. Dole reforms were instituted, however, to save the Exchequer £36,000,000 in a full year. The sacrifices demanded of the unemployed were balanced by cuts in teachers' pay (£10,000,000), Defence services (£5,000,000), Ministers, judges, M.P.s, civil servants, soldiers, police, sailors (around £5,000,000). It was terrific, staggering. But Parliament backed the Chancellor. It remained to be seen what the country would say.

Looking back, we see many of the politicans becoming unnerved as they think of what the country might say and do to them. They oppose the idea of testing the national opinion in an election. Some of their most powerful supporters outside campaign against the "election folly." The watching world remains without confidence, sure that an election must come, sure that when it does come the masses in

GET: A Torch in the Gloom of World Finance

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

the democracy, and those great organized groups whose pay has been cut, will kick against these economies. Anything may happen.

At last the politicians made the plunge and went to the country for a mandate. To their astonishment the nation simply swept the Socialists out of existence and confirmed the Nationalist team with an enormous majority which left it almost without opposition in Parliament. Few had anticipated such a result. As so often happens, the patriotic spirit and dour, solid character and common sense of the people had been doubted and under-estimated by men whose callings and dealings have elevated them high above the crowd, but at the same time had made them worldly, doubting, cynical, and disposed to doubt the capacity of anybody for disinterested action, self-sacrifice, and self-immolation on the altar of the State.

Meantime problems which had appeared insuperable were dealt with in an astonishingly rapid and effective manner. Lloyd George was thrown over by his lieutenants and left high and dry, bewildered and astounded. Snowden was side-tracked in the Upper Chamber. To balance a strong protectionist at the Treasury, Walter Runciman, a shipping magnate and therefore a lifelong and natural free trader, was installed at the Board of Trade, where the controls of the new tariff machine were to be located. George May, the actuary and investment specialist who had written the Economy Report, was put at the head of the new tariff commission. Protectionist Minister and free-trade Minister were allowed, by virtue of a totally novel departure from established precedent, to blow off steam on the floor of the House, thereby reducing pressure and averting an explosion in the boiler house of the Cabinet Room. A great income tax drive brought in the money as no one thought it could be brought in; the secret being that the income tax payers, the most responsible element in the country, were solidly behind the National Government. The Bank and the Treasury agreed to go off gold, and did go off with neatness and dispatch, to the annoyance of the great gold hoarders and the joy of the entire British export trade.

And the financial year, instead of ending with an enormous deficit, political chaos, inflation, rising prices, and a falling sterling exchange, ends with a surplus, sterling strong, the trade outlook much improved, unemployment substantially reduced, foreign balances pouring in as the conviction grows that Britain is the safest country to-day, and Britain's political and financial prestige standing higher in the world than they have stood at any time during the last decade.

What does the world think now? It is instructive to observe what Mr. Walter Lippmann, one of the most distinguished and balanced publicists in America, wrote in the *New York Herald Tribune* on his return last month from a tour of the chief European centres:—

"To come to London to-day after visiting the Continent is to find oneself in a different mental world. The mood of the Continent, it has seemed to me, was essentially fatalistic; men feel themselves in the grip of forces that are beyond their control. . . . But in Great Britain there is a different feeling. These islanders have worked themselves up to a pitch of high confidence in their power to manage events. They are, I imagine, the only people in the capitalist world who actually feel that they can make large plans and carry them out; that they are the masters, to some degree, of their own destiny. . . .

"Their internal confidence is reflected back to them from the Continent. Not only is there a return of funds into sterling and a general bullishness about Britain, but also there is unmistakable evidence of an enormous recovery of political prestige. The real measure of British prestige is that on the Continent all the Scandinavian countries, Italy, and Germany, are moving within the orbit of British economic and financial action. There can be no question whatever as to the reality of the British influence in Europe.

"The position of last summer, when it almost seemed as if London had ceased to command, that Paris was supreme, no longer holds. Paris is still very powerful, but Great Britain has resumed its ancient position among the Powers of Europe."

Having cleared the national ground, cleaned up her politics, and equipped herself with a tariff machine, Britain's main tasks now lie in the international field and in the realm of imperial affairs. For she is based on the world. Her money has flowed out over the whole earth to fertilize the field of world trade. She is the world's biggest holder of foreign securities. She cannot prosper on the basis of a narrow economic nationalism.

Her policy now of closer economic co-operation with the other countries composing the British Commonwealth of Nations will broaden the mother country's basis and help to promote freer world trade and a solution of the great world monetary and economic problems. British Governments since the War have gambled on the expectation of an international policy by other countries. That gamble has been pursued right up to the edge of national bankruptcy. Now, the vision of a tariff truce has faded like a pipe dream in chatter at Geneva. By their new policy of national tariffs and closer imperial co-operation the British people are moving formidably into the stream of world realities.

The tendency is clear. Nations want to live their own lives in their own way. But because the planet has become in reality a single economic unit, because agricultural capacity, transport facilities, and the productive power of machines have grown so swiftly and hugely, the various States are moving towards economic mergers. America has long been a great free trade area containing forty-eight States. A free trade area s projected for the Danubian States. England at last is taking the logical course of constructing a bigger economic system of her own by bringing the component parts of the empire into closer economic co-operation.

At Ottawa one of the possibilities is the creation of an Empire sterling currency system. In any case something eventually has to be done about the pound. Sterling is wonderfully stable. (The proper way to measure the stability of sterling is to relate it to its general purchasing power, and not, as the sensational popular Press does, to the ratio between it and gold-standard currencies; variations in the exchange being due partly to shifts in the value of gold and partly to market mistakes and miscalculations.) The failure of the pound to maintain its old gold value has not stifled Britain's commerce with the far corners of the globe. On the contrary, it has stimulated it, particularly in the East; and it has brought out the vast gold hoards of India. The move off gold was a constructive one.

But it is the leading international counter. In every corner of the earth, people in every walk of life are interested in sterling. For the chief method of settling international accounts for generations has been through pound credits; and neither the dollar nor the franc is taking the place of sterling even now.

British interests in the end, therefore, must be served by a reversion to an international monetary standard which will anchor sterling and all other currencies. A "managed" currency, advocated by some economists, contains too many dangers to win the approval of experienced bankers. Mr. Chamberlain has expressed a personal preference for a metallic basis, with "something" to help gold out. He might have said "silver" instead of "something," were it not undiplomatic to talk too openly about the rehabilitation of silver in advance of the definite inter-Governmental negotiations for which this British Government is waiting. The rehabilitation of silver will enormously stimulate Britain's trade with the East, which is on a silver basis.

Tied to gold, Britain sought an international monetary conference anxiously and urgently. The great gold hoarders, out for their own advantage, refused to come into one. Off gold now, Britain can afford to sit back and wait for the growing troubles in the gold countries to induce a more reasonable and accommodating mood. Time was England's enemy. Now time plays on her side.

Meantime, while business in the island is not good, it is better than almost anywhere else in the world. Mr. J. M. Keynes, indeed, pronounces England the most prosperous of all countries to-day. It does not say much for the others, but it says much for England, which so short a while ago looked weak, failing, finished.

Dying, old Clemenceau looked from his Biscay coast farmhouse over towards the enigmatic little island in the north Atlantic and shook his head pessimistically. "Something," he said, "has gone out of them." But his eye was dim. That something—the fundamental quality which has enabled the island people to write the greatest chapters in the story of mankind so far—had not gone clean out of them. It had only gone to sleep, and now it has once again been aroused,

ONE REASON FOR OUR BIG TAXATION

How the Cost of the Great War was Shared

(Figures from Bankers Trust Company of New York 1924, Reprinted from Whitaker's Almanac)

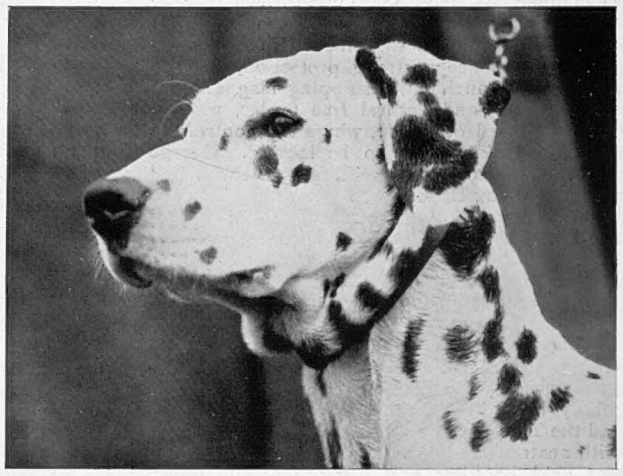
BRITISH EMPIRE	Total	Per capita	National Wealth Per cent.
Great Britain	£11,076,000,000	£105	34.49
Canada and Newfoundland	£762,700,000	—	—
Australia	£476,700,000	—	—
South Africa	£159,000,000	—	—
New Zealand	£234,400,000	—	—
India	£687,100,000	—	—
Other parts	£182,000,000	—	—
BRITISH EMPIRE TOTAL	£13,577,900,000		
ALLIES			
France	£7,962,200,000	£56	19.36
Belgium	£411,800,000	—	—
Greece	£115,100,000	—	—
Italy	£4,432,700,000	£24 16s.	20.59
Japan	£419,100,000	—	—
Portugal	£235,300,000	—	—
Rumania	£308,800,000	—	—
Russia	£5,312,700,000	£9	13.11
Serbia	£119,000,000	—	—
U.S.A.	£8,105,000,000	£35 7s.	8.67
ALLIED TOTAL	£40,963,600,000		
ENEMIES			
Germany	£10,341,100,000	£58 10s.	24.71
Austria-Hungary	£4,068,400,000	£21 16s.	18.13
Bulgaria	£261,000,000	—	—
Turkey	£451,800,000	—	—
ENEMY TOTAL	£15,122,300,000		
GRAND TOTAL	**£56,086,900,000**		

The ROUND of the DAY

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN: The start of the inaugural big race of the Epsom Spring Meeting, in which Roi de Paris (E. Smith), Chelmarsh (S. Donoghue), and Notice Board (R. A. Jones), were placed one—two—three

OUTWARD BOUND: Forty children sailed a few days ago for Western Australia to be trained at a farm school. Their average age was ten, the youngest being only six. They are seen cheering before leaving Waterloo Station on the first stage of their long voyage

CANINE BOREDOM: Mrs. G. Leighton's English setter, *Hundridge Michael of Usan*, at the Kensington Canine Society's one day show at the Crystal Palace



TWO FIRSTS AND THREE SPECIALS were won by Mr. S. Brewin's Dalmatian, aptly named *Irresistible*, at the Kensington Canine Society's one day show at the Crystal Palace

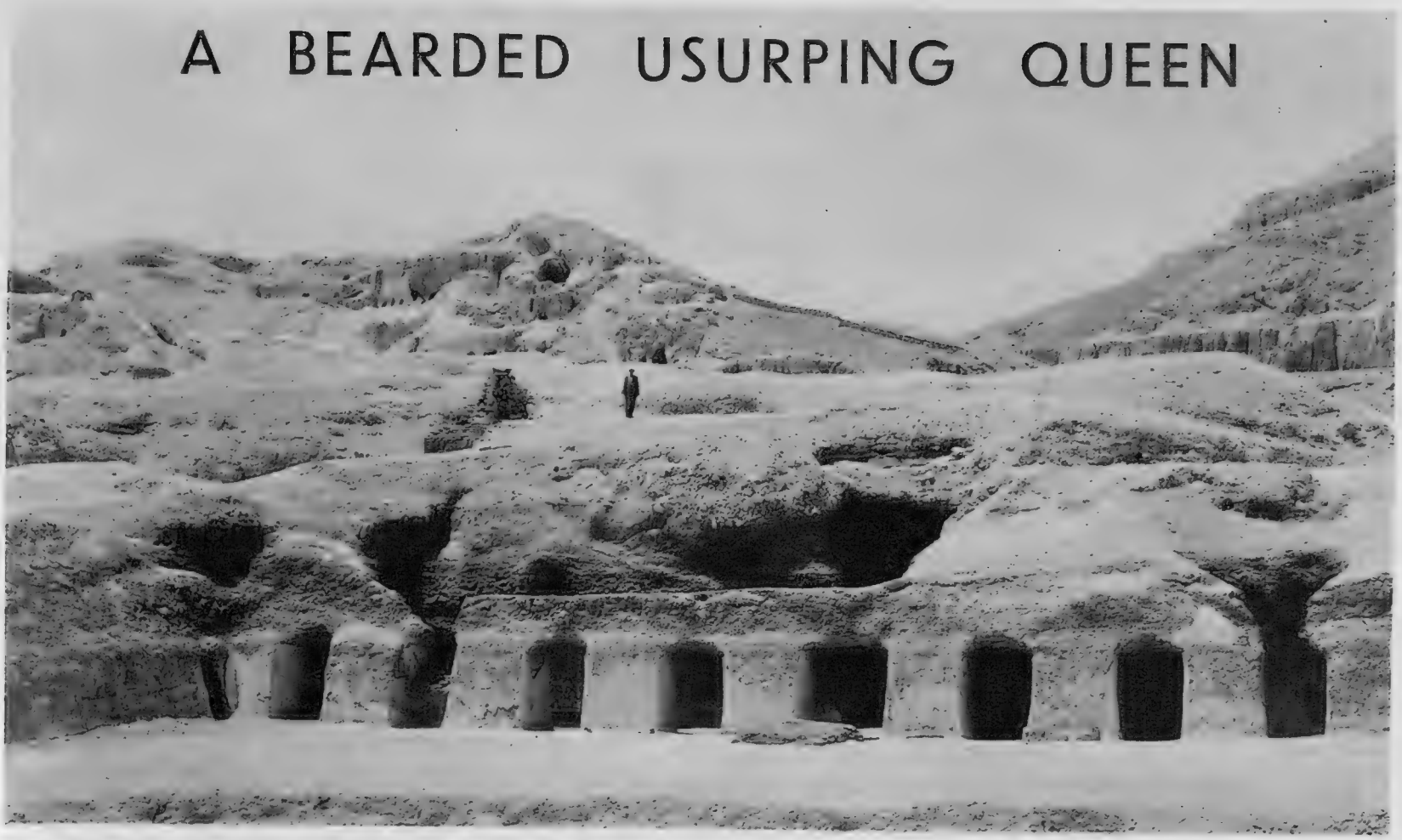
THE CHILDREN'S OWN MEET held at the Kennels, Eridge, Kent, by the Eridge Hunt. Miss June and Miss Hazel Spink, two youthful followers, are seen above

Sasha

AT THE ROYAL MILITARY CHAPEL Miss Barbara Davies was married to Mr. D. E. Hodgson of the Welsh Guards. Above they are seen with the Matron of Honour, Mrs. Southey, and Miss Hodgson, Miss Berry, Miss McClintock, Miss Norie, Miss Eliott-Lockhart, Miss Becher, Miss Compton, and Miss Wiggen

A CHARMING COUNTRY WEDDING: Mr. M. Pugh and Miss Mary Eckersley, sister of the Lancashire C.C.C. captain, after their wedding at Lowton, near Leigh. This charming picture shows the bridal couple and their small attendant filing past the bridesmaids

A BEARDED USURPING QUEEN



THE TOMB OF DJAR: This wide forecourted, porticoed, and façaded building has nine entrances, and has been the scene of excavations conducted by the New York Metropolitan Museum of Arts. The owner of the tomb, Djar, was custodian of the King's harem, and from his title, as from the magnificence of his tomb, it is believed that this alleged contemporary of King Amenhotep and Queen Nefru was a potentate of gigantic wealth

THE HERALDICALLY BEARDED QUEEN: A red granite kneeling statue of Queen Hat-Shepsut, who ruled Egypt with an iron hand some fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. The statue now stands in the Metropolitan Museum, the organization which conducted the expedition which discovered it. This picture shows the statue after restoration—which is clearly revealed—but before being coloured to match the granite. The "bearding" of the Queen was conventional, as a primitive Salic law was unofficially extant throughout the ancient world, and the sculptor was required to make the ruler as masculine as possible

Pictures by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

"THE HEADSTONE OF A VANISHED QUEEN": The head of a gigantic red granite statue of Queen Hat-Shepsut, discovered by the Metropolitan Museum of Art Expedition at her Temple at Deir el Bahri, and now enshrined in the Museum. The Queen died in the January of 1479 B.C. Some twenty years previously she had become Regent during the minority of her son Thutmosis III, but before the child had come to man's estate, the unscrupulous Queen had usurped the full titles and powers of a sovereign, and kept her son throughout her life in a junior and obscure position as her (nominal) co-ruler

NORTHERN IRELAND: The new Parliament Buildings of the Government of Northern Ireland at Stormont, five miles from Belfast. The new de Valera scheme would do away with this organization in the name of Unity of Ireland and the Irish—a corollary of which is disunity of the Empire

THE REST OF

The Fantastic Promises of Denationalization of Some and Women. This Article Written by One

By

The long Lloyd George—de Valera correspondence of 1921 culminated in the British Government putting forward proposals for a draft treaty and in the Sinn Fein leader countering with what became well known as "Document No. 2." There is an article in this latter offer to associate with the Britannic King (Art. 5) which to-day has a special significance. Eleven years ago Mr. de Valera spontaneously thought of others of his race differently situated across the seas and continents. He wrote: "That in virtue of this association of Ireland with the States of the British Commonwealth citizens of Ireland in any of these States shall not be subject to any disabilities which a citizen of one of the component States of the British Commonwealth should not be subject to, and reciprocally for citizens of these States in Ireland."

Thus far, in 1932, Mr. de Valera has not seen fit to display a kindred concern for possible likely repercussions on "citizens of Ireland" who chance not to reside within the confines of their native land. So far as I can gather, he has said nothing at all about them, unless it be that they should acquiesce in anything he may have in mind. Which is very easily said, but rather more difficult to put into practice. It may be that the Republican leader has something up his sleeve, that he intends to bargain in the interests of these far-strewn Irish when the proper time should come. Meanwhile, as we know, discussion is proceeding regarding the likely future status of Irish nationals whose lot is cast within the Commonwealth: and not only there but in other parts of the world. For this matter is not just a Commonwealth or domestically British one. There are Irish all over the world—in South America, the Orient, on the European Continent, on the high seas—who heretofore have relied upon a British passport. Not many, I believe, went to the point of taking out a Free State one. The feeling was: "As long as Dublin remains 'in' it really doesn't matter." Such exiles have remained always Irish first.

In point of fact, Mr. de Valera is really being watched by half a dozen Irelands, and I hardly think he has given enough attention to the fact. Rather has he acted straight from the heart and mind of one of them, and that one a minority of the homeland. We know that movements ever originate with dynamic minorities. But it may be that in the special circumstances of Irish nationals strewn, as are none others, and for varying reasons, across the face of the earth, some greater show of recognizing their existence might have been put up.

These other Irelands:

There is, firstly, the governmental Ireland of Mr. de Valera.

There is, secondly, the powerful minority Ireland of the recent Free State Government.

There is, thirdly, the Government of Northern Ireland.

There is, fourthly, the Ireland settled in the remainder of the British Isles.

There is, fifthly, the Ireland of the other Dominions.

There is, sixthly, the Ireland established over the rest of the world, including British possessions.

At a pinch, one might say there is, seventhly, the Ireland of the Continent of Europe.

And, glory be to goodness, I was forgetting, *eighthly*, the Ireland of the United States!

No country has so spread itself in the last hundred years. And it would be wrong to suppose, as some do, that all who sailed away must needs desire to break away to-day. It may be nearer the mark to suggest that, roundly, two other Irelands have sprung up overseas (amalgam of the last five above-cited). Irish-America and the Rest of the Irish.

A decade ago, among Irish-Americans, there was just one feeling: red hot against England. To-day, by all accounts, it is other. Those of Irish descent across the Atlantic thought their Erin was having a fairly smooth passage under Mr. Cosgrave, and so they said, "Well, and so *that's* all right at last!" They were thick in Europe during the "troubles." Now they avoid Europe thoroughly. They hate the idea of being hauled into a mess with England again. That is, the majority do. Some of the old brigade remain as impenitent as ever. Here is their leader, Judge Cohalan: "If de Valera stands firm, he must win, for England, in spite of the bluster and bombast of Thomas and Chamberlain and Churchill, and all that ilk, is in no position to use her favourite weapon of force. Guile and bluff are all that are now left to her in her impoverished and weakened condition."

"Bluster and bombast." And England at the present time perhaps the least unhealthy of lands.

Let me confess, I never did fall over my young self to honour and respect the Irish-Americans, of whom I once, for a year, formed a dishonoured unit. One may respect the Irish Republican Army (as I do) since it stands for an ideal in full flower right and left to-day. I say nothing against Mr. de Valera who is sincere to the core. Yet even he must know that America is apt to have a curious effect on the Irish unless they are taken away for spells. Otherwise they seem, for one thing, to lose their finesse of mind. Let me give an instance, and it so happens that it concerns old man Cohalan.

In May, 1921, when things were damnable in Ireland, I wrote a page, in New York, acquainting Americans with the rudiments of what Dominion Home Rule meant, they having been copiously informed by Judge Cohalan, and his ilk, that it was just another name for more English treachery. I urged that Ireland should lodge herself on the same shelf as Canada or Australia, "which could secede to-morrow and never a shot fired," and advocated Dominion status "as a kicking-off point in case Ireland wished later to go further." It was the best possible thing at the time, and six months later Michael Collins did it, but I had to leave my hotel, before Tammany hooligans, and *The Irish World* called me a British secret agent and agent provocateur.

I still believe Ireland has the inherent right to secede, but I do not think that she ought to do so by a majority of a dozen votes, implying a few thousands of my race, and at that, largely Labour voters, agreeing to intervene in return for other spoils. No people ought to have their nationalities transformed and confused unless the desire is overwhelming.

That is the crux of this matter for me, as I'm sure it is for a host of others. Back in 1921 no Irishman dreamed that a sudden spell of quiescent prospering amid English goodwill entire, lay ahead for the nascent State. Personally I expected secession symptoms fairly quickly amid unworkability. Mr. Cosgrave's healing, which must have given satisfaction to most of the Rest of the Irish—and the late leader made a triumphant tour of Irish-America—rendered unjustifiable, in my view, the taking of any such move as Mr. de Valera's *upon so slender a margin*.

Not that the matter is devoid of its lighter side. Queer things may happen in the bosoms of Irish families unless a general legal ruling follows some day.

When I returned this time to London, and the dinner-table found me opposite a young sister, she threw off lightly, "Oh, I'm O.K.—but you, of course, you're for it!"

She was born in London, I in Cork.

I mention this merely to indicate the complexities.

What I do believe is that Mr. de Valera has never sufficiently realized that a composite "Third Ireland" has in the generations assumed living force outside of Ireland and of Irish-America. Or, if he has realized it, then he has not been appreciative enough of its position. I would even go as far as to suggest that this Third Ireland merits prior consideration over Mr. de Valera's Second, it having never yet changed its nationality.

IRELAND IN AMERICA: The strong Irish element displayed itself in a religious aspect when Cardinal Hayes reviewed the St. Patrick's Day Parade

J. Dixon-Scott

THE CITY HALL, BELFAST, is one of the finest of modern Irish structures. Designed by Sir Bramwell Thomas, it was opened in 1906. It fronts on Donegall Place

IRELAND IN ENGLAND: General the Earl of Cavan performs the ritual St. Patrick Day's ceremonial—the presentation of sprigs of shamrock to members of the Irish Guards

THE IRISH

President de Valera May Well Involve the Hundreds of Thousands of Loyal Irishmen has an Additional Poignance in that it is Member of the "Rest of the Irish"

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE IRISH FREE STATE: The Dail, Dublin—i.e. the Houses of Parliament concerned with Southern Ireland. Herein, after ten years of gradual consolidation under Mr. Cosgrave, Ireland's new representatives, headed by the precipitate patriot, Mr. Eamonn de Valera, meditate the denationalization of millions of their own blood

The Rest of the Irish of which I write are no easy computation. There apparently exist no data as to its composition, the matter never having arisen, in any form, before. The Rest derive from an amalgam of the Irish of Great Britain, the Dominions, the Continent, the Imperial possessions, and the remainder of the universe. Alone, for obvious reasons, the Irish-Americans are excluded from the ranks. What numbers are (a) native born, (b) second generation, (c) descent generally, it is beyond me to indicate save in two instances. At the last census it was estimated that some 2,000,000 in the United Kingdom (minus Northern Ireland) were of direct Irish descent. The next biggest aggregate appertains to Australia and New Zealand. Australia is full of Irish who, moreover, have not officially become Australians, the need for doing so—and even the machinery—being non-existent. Without a doubt a goodly number of these Irish emigrants down under are to-day exulting over the prospective Republic. We have only to bear Archbishop Mannix in mind. But when the issue develops of such pro-Republicans having to choose their status within the confines of a Dominion, yet owning allegiance to the British Crown, the question at once becomes a trifle involved. Doubtless a way out will be found in due course, yet what a muddle this pursuit of a Republic, amid the most perfect autonomy, is stirring up! These Irish of Australia and of New Zealand may require to become Australians and New Zealanders, under special legislation, if they are to stay on in the Dominions under equal conditions to British citizens. A big squandering of Irish citizens could conceivably follow in the wake of this Oath attitude of Mr. de Valera.

MAYOR WALKER HONOURS "OULD IRELAND": The chief magistrate of New York salutes the flag during the postponed St. Patrick's Day procession

In Canada, in South Africa, the position is only less emphasized, while when we come to India and to other parts of the Empire—Crown Colonies, Protectorates, Mandated Territory—the possible predicament of the Irish in certain eventualities assumes rather a more unfortunate aspect. Whereas in more than one of the Dominions a policy of doing nothing at all about Irish citizens might well be pursued, on the principle that they are Australian or South African or whatever you will, and that anyway the matter cuts no ice, for a deserted Britain to manifest identical far niente towards (nominal) foreign republicans, established in her oversea possessions, clearly . . . well, things might have to be weighed and measured with some precision. Thus, a starting point might confer immunity upon all Irish who served in 1914–18, for it just happens to be so that these are the very Irishmen who would be most affected, established as they freely are in these territories in both official and private connections.

The Consular service has long been a special attraction for Irishmen. So has the Navy, and until recent years, the Army. And there are Irish planters and settlers in profusion. Are these, to-day, to be all bad Irishmen, Mr. de Valera, if they do not see eye to eye with you?

Young Ireland! Bless her, almost the only one we hear of. Restless youth and brave, set upon fullest self-realization even should risk lie ahead of that "substance and shadow." Embarking now, like a succession State, amid the storm and stress of a Europe as likely to displace itself to encourage the new aspirant as may be imagined.

Yet I understand Mr. de Valera's ultimate goal to be that of a small, self-contained State around which others may do as they please.

Others have dreamed similarly; though hardly in such a merging, churning age as ours.

What may be the sum total of this *native-born* "Third Ireland" now in line for having its heretofore status rendered problematical? Dublin said the other day that it believed Southern Ireland could point to some 300,000 settled across St. George's Channel alone. If we add the rest of Europe, the Commonwealth and other territories, also the Services, it is improbable that less than 600,000 native-born are involved. With families and descendants, the aggregate might run into millions. But that is a pointless computation, the descendants.

There are said to be no less than 18,000,000 of Irish descent in the United States. How many native-born there may be on the other side of the Atlantic has to be worked out on an annual emigration figure, this century, which seems to have averaged between 30 and 40 thousand. There may be 500,000 native-born Irish in the United States. Yet the American contingent has roundly espoused American citizenship and therefore does not, in law, enter this picture although it has been for Mr. de Valera an active godsend, never to be neglected, whereas the Irish of the Empire and elsewhere have not so notably attracted his attention though from them has sprung not the least genius of the race.

THE OLD REGIME: The once Vice-Regal lodge in Phoenix Park, Dublin. It has been acidly remarked that, should the de Valera scheme go through, this building might again experience a change

Coming close home, what are the more immediate likely effects of Oath-rejection? One view is that Mr. de Valera is being put on the spot, as it were, by one of the two armies he apparently controls, that he must go forward, and that if the Senate throws out his work, he will go to the country to throw out the Senate which otherwise could hold the Free State adhering to the Commonwealth until the turn of the year. It would follow that, once a duly seceded nation, the Republic could appeal to Geneva for the evacuation of Berehaven and other places where small maitenance parties still exist. Meantime, a vigorous tariff policy would be launched ("in order to dissuade England from allowing Denmark to take the Oath too rapidly"), and the claim for £30,000,000 "unjustly paid" annuities pushed. And while this would be going on, Mr. de Valera would be packing for Ottawa at Canada's invitation—and Ulster would, alas, be unlikely to remain quiet. Already the signs are there.

How loyal are these men of Ulster. Sometimes I almost think their loyalty just tends towards the embarrassing. A former Nationalist M.P. writes in the *Times*: "No (Southern) Irishman living in Great Britain would have a vote at any general or municipal election, could retain an old age or other Imperial pension, could serve in the Navy, Army or Civil Service, or could hold office in India or any of the Dominions; he would be deprived of old age pensions and pensions for widows, and lose the dole; also judges and lawyers, and doctors and teachers, and even clergymen, might be deprived of their positions."

Specifically, of the dole, one hears that there may be as many as 300,000 Irish on it, and that one means of pressure on Mr. de Valera, in addition to a prohibitive tariff, could be the threat to deport this company, together with other public charges. A more likely measure might be to deport only such as have come on the dole, from Ireland, in recent years (chiefly to Scotland), and to charge the cost of the remaining doled Irish in some tariff manner.

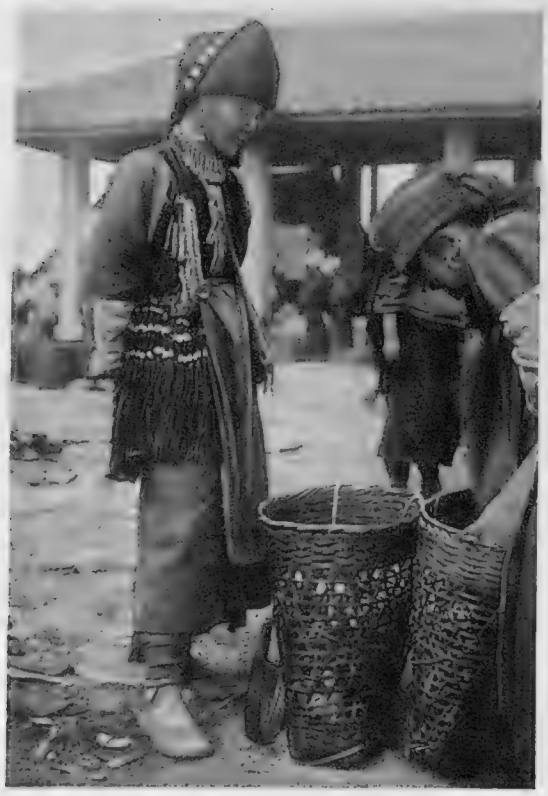
Was it all worth it, just now, Mr. de Valera? Was the foreign king really such an ogre? Might it not have been the wiser part to have delayed action at least for a few months until one saw how this new dominion enterprise shaped?

And why speak, at Ennis, of England's "insane ambition to dominate the Irish people," since such talk is outmoded now, has small reference to reality? One wonders, again, if you have given sufficient thought to the fact that Ireland is not limited to the confines of Erin. You have 3,000,000. There are 1,250,000 in the North. I have conjured a "Third Ireland." It may be split, even as South and North. Should it have been ignored?

One supposes "Third Ireland" will in the main wave on to fortune the new Republic, should it come. Some will do so gleefully, others with a sense of separation. Some will then assume Republican citizenship, others will remain in the British orbit. That a wide option will be given to do this is certain.

THE LAND OF DEVOTION: A very typical Irish scene on Sunday morning. No matter what Government is in power, this type of life (not the whole of Ireland by any means) will persist

ON THE BURMESE BORDER.



LISU-CHINESE: A descendant of the Chinese who migrated to the Shan States and intermarried with the Lisu women some fifty years ago. Their native tongue is still Chinese

IN TERROR OF THE EVIL EYE: The Lisu are extremely superstitious and the camera is one of their *betes noires*. The lens is regarded by them as the Evil Eye of which they stand in mortal dread

EN-TOUT-CAS: Huge hats of bamboo pith are worn as combined umbrella and parasol

The borderland between Upper Burma and the Chinese Province of Yunnan, is the home of many different tribes, of which the most interesting and least known is the Lisu. They are apparently of mixed Aryan and Mongolian origin and are distinguishable from all the other tribes of this area by their straight almost aquiline noses. Their "home" is the Upper Salween Valley where dwell the Black Lisu, into whose country no man dare enter. The national weapon for war or the chase is the cross-bow, with which they use poisoned arrows

PALESTINE'S NEW HARBOUR.

THE MAIN BREAKWATER of the Haifa Harbour works is to receive a concrete parapet reinforced on the seaward side by blocks of stone. Mount Carmel is in the background

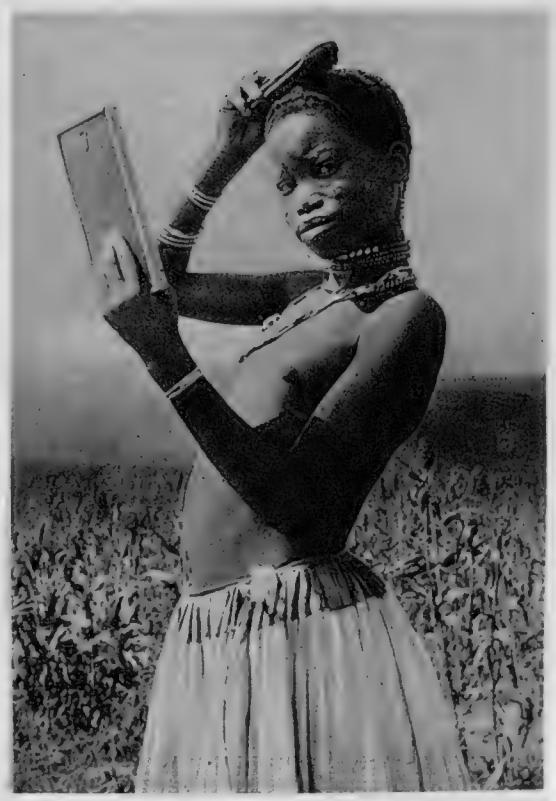
SENIOR STAFF OFFICERS of the Harbour works: Messrs. A. Crawford, H. E. Girdlestone, G. C. Thompson, Resident Engineer, J. Speedy, and E. P. Hughes. The harbour is costing £1,125,000

2,225 METRES of breakwater have been completed in the Haifa Harbour works. The lee breakwater, running at right angles to the main one, is discernible above as is the reclamation area running parallel to the original shore line

WORK IN PROGRESS: A steam dredger employed in the shadow of Mount Carmel

During the past year satisfactory progress has been made upon the harbour works at Haifa. It will constitute Palestine's only port possessing an efficient harbour. One of the drawbacks to shipping on this coast has been the want of suitable harbour facilities. True, Haifa boasted of a small breakwater, while as for Jaffa, which has been regarded as the port of Jerusalem ever since Solomon's days, vessels had to lie in the roadstead off the shore and passengers and freight conveyed to and from the ships in lighters, always unsatisfactory, particularly if the sea is at all rough. Haifa was rightly selected as the more suitable port for a harbour. It is the headquarters of the Palestine Railways and has developed into a busy industrial centre, the Manchester of the Holy Land. The town lies at the foot of Mount Carmel. Rising to a height of 1,000 feet, the mountain affords a certain amount of protection to shipping. But a modern and up-to-date harbour built to accommodate the largest of liners is now well on the way to completion

BASUTO WOMEN



VANITAS VANITATUM: A Basuto girl with her greatest treasures—a mirror and comb—performs her toilette with all the aplomb of a London-bred débutante

WHEN BLACK TURNS WHITE: Basuto girls wash their feet and legs with sandstone instead of soap and water. They polish and scrub their soles until they are almost white

PREPARED FOR THE INITIATION CEREMONY: Two Basuto girls smeared with white clay

Before the initiation ceremonies Basuto girls attend an initiation school where they are called *bale* during their preparatory period. They have to wear veils in the village and to speak in a low whisper. They smear their bodies and faces with white clay to show a great change has come over them, that they are no longer children. They work in the fields while they are *bale*, but at intervals they practise dancing. When these ceremonies, which last for about two months, are over, all the garments of the girls are burnt to show their childhood is over

THE THAMES BRIDGE QUESTION

UNILEVER HOUSE: The vigorous, if heraldic or hyper-conventionalized equine group—the human figure is treated rather realistically—ornamenting the new Unilever House, Blackfriars, looks across at a six-way bridge

Charles E. Brown

WHEN TRAFFIC WAS LIGHT: An afternoon picture of Waterloo Bridge showing the weak spot and the temporary bridge beyond. Riveters are seen at work on the framework of Brittenham House in which the old bridge soon to perish is happily framed

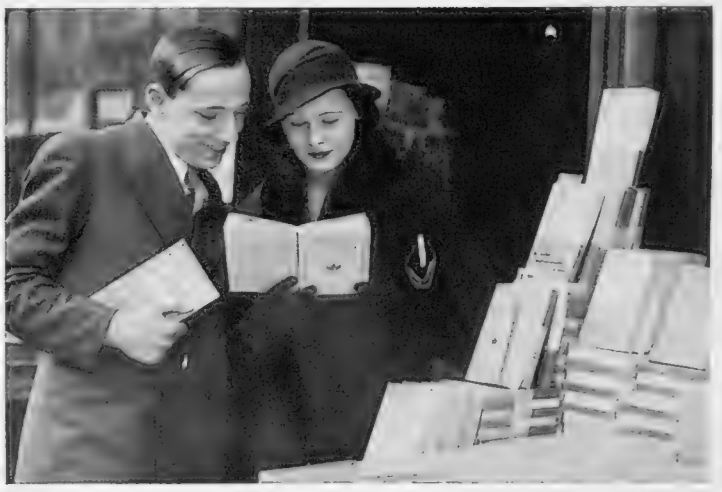
Charles E. Brown

IS A NEW SIX-WAY BRIDGE POSSIBLE? In this diagrammatic view specially prepared for "The Sphere," one sees in the background a new six-way bridge in place of the old existing Waterloo Bridge. In the foreground is the existing bottle-neck of the Wellington Approach to the Strand as seen from "The Sphere's" office windows. The existing approach takes just four lines of traffic—the big buses requiring room to turn into or out of the Strand. It is doubtful if, without extensive alteration, congestion will not become worse confounded if an attempt is made to accommodate six lines of traffic instead of four. *On right* is a view of the bridge as it now is; on the left is the south-west wing and forecourt of Somerset House, while to the right is the building now nearing completion of Brittenham House. Is it proposed to tear down this new building to make room for the new six-way structure under consideration? Without such clearance the scheme, it would seem, is far from feasible

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

SUBSIDENCE: A curious phenomenon has manifested itself near Cochem, at the confluence of the Moselle and the Endert, south-west of Coblentz. This is a mountain that sinks six inches a week to the danger of the villages at the foot

HITLER COMMANDS ALLEGIANCE IN NEW YORK: The New York headquarters of the Nazi movement which was inaugurated on April 1. Uniform is worn and endeavours to organize the German-American population are in full swing



A TEXT-BOOK AS A BEST SELLER: The new French Academy Grammar was sold out in one day. A purchaser is seen above at a boulevard kiosk dipping into an "enthralling passage" on syntax!

THE WIRE THAT BROKE THE CIRENAICAN REBELLION: As is now authoritatively known, the rebellion in Cirenaica has been definitely ended after nearly twenty years of sporadic warfare. The exceptional methods of General Rodolfo Graziani, who has suppressed the rebels in twenty-two months, have assumed an aspect which is really unique in the world's colonial history. The pictures above represent the famous wire entanglement from Bardia to Jarabub, 188 miles in length, barring the way to the Egyptian frontier, preventing the rebels from getting any supplies, and thus starving them into submission. This impressive barbed wire barrier was constructed in a few months by the Societa Italiana Costruzioni e Lavori Pubblici of Rome, which employed 3,700 natives and Europeans who worked in the full desert sun. Two hundred lorries and nineteen vessels were used in transporting the wire which, when erected, frustrated any attempt on the part of the rebels to break through and required but one man every 100 yards to guard it. Omar el Muktar, the famous rebel chief, now overpowered by Italy, has admitted that the cause of his downfall was due to the wire entanglement

THE BRITISH MINER

Newly Studied at Ollerton, Notts

MINERS OF THREE SEPARATE TYPES engaged at the collieries at Ollerton of the Dukeries. The tall man on the left is a Derbyshire man—the area regarded as producing the cream of workmen; the central figure is a Nottingham man—sound but uninspired; while the moustached figure on the right is an Irishman, one of the type which shines in "sinking" the original shaft

OVERMEN OF THE PITS each carrying his stick. The latter are exactly three feet in length and are used for measuring. The term "overman" is not derived from the Nietzschean metaphysical terminology but is merely the mining slang version of the more usual foreman

Inset above—IRELAND AND SCOTLAND: The characteristics of the Irish miner, speaking generally, are courage, strength, susceptibility (on the subjects of Ireland and religion) and thirst; the Scottish miners are usually rough fellows whose standard of living has immeasurably improved since they came to Ollerton

A COAL-MINER'S L

A CHARACTER IN THE SETTLEMENT: Esther Gibbons, who runs not only a boarding house but also a sweet and cigarette shop and is definitely known as a "case" in the area. The chickens also inhabit the kitchen

Frankly, it was with a good deal of prejudice that I took my way this week to a colliery village to see how coal-miners live, and to find what kind of men they really are at home. Memories of coal strikes and A. J. Cook, the discomfort and financial loss that they brought on the community, the cost of coal to-day, all combine to make anyone look somewhat askance at these men. Work-dodgers, skrimshankers, Bolshevists are some of the many things they have been called, just as, admittedly, the colliery owners have been described as tyrants, money-grubbers, and the like. These were some of the thoughts that passed through my head as I drove from Nottingham to Ollerton, twenty miles away among the Dukeries. I had chosen Ollerton for several reasons. But one will suffice.

Ollerton, which is one of the thirteen collieries belonging to the Butterley Company, was started in 1925, and nine-tenths of its output is household coal. It cost a million pounds to sink, and another £320,000 to build the village of 820 houses, which represents the best possible illustration of communal life among the miners in this country. For not only is it compact. It has attracted miners from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Staffordshire, Durham, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Cannock Chase, Warwickshire, and other parts of the country. These men still maintain their own standards of living, their own customs, kit, and dialect. By visiting Ollerton it was possible to get an insight into the characters and homelife of nearly a dozen different mining centres. One must not reckon, of course, without Bobbie Healey, the local Solomon, *arbiter elegantiarum*, and public detective, who sees that every household maintains a standard of cleanliness, which at first was strange to the newcomers from Durham and Wales in particular. But of him I will talk later and at length.

New Ollerton, in the heart of the prettiest country north of Sussex and south of the Highlands, has a population of just under 4,000 inhabitants, all of whom are dependent on the colliery for their livelihood. Unfortunately for them the output is restricted to a three-day week — Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. But there is great hope that with the imposition of tariffs on the iron and steel trade, they may get back to a five-day and even a six-day week. That is the first cat out of the bag.

COMMUNITY SINGING helps to keep up the spirits of the miners who work only three days a week but want to work for six. In the evenings they frequent the Institute, where sing-songs and games are held

JOLLITY REIGNS SUPREME in the Institute, although the strictest propriety is observed. Mrs. Wardle, the wife of the steward, is seen above drawing the stakes for which most games in the area are played

THE LOCAL SOLOMON: Mr. Bobbie Healey, who controls with a strong yet gentle hand the rare delinquencies of the settlement

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE? Mr. Jack Butler (with his tankard raised) has a great local reputation as a story-teller. The surrounding figures demonstrate clearly the excellent type of men engaged in the coal industry

The miners (or colliers as they are technically called) are even more anxious than the owners to return to a full working week. I had evidence of that from a dozen different men and a similar number of wives. When I made a round of the village with Bobbie Healey he was stopped at least three times by men who asked hopefully what chance there was of a full working week. You must realize at once that these colliers want to be allowed to work. They do not like the dole. As it is, they draw the dole for half the week, as they are entitled to do. One miner's wife said flatly that she and her four sons would probably be vacating their house in a few days' time because of the continuance of the three-day week. One son had already found a place where he could get his six days and so had departed. The others were going to do the same, although they would almost certainly not get as good living conditions, as soon as they were equally lucky.

"I suppose they are courting?" asked Bobbie Healey.

"Courtin'?" inquired the miner's wife with fine scorn. "They haven't enough money for 'selves let alone ladies. They can't go into Nottingham if they can't afford bus fare. Fair nuisance they are to me, hangin' about house because they've no money to spend."

Make no mistake about it. All these miners want is a chance to earn their money and maintain their standard of living. Four or five years ago several of them had motor-bicycles. One bet a hundred pounds on the winner of the Gold Cup. To-day the tobacconists, like Esther Gibbons, only stock 2d. and 6d. packets of cigarettes. There is no demand for the 1s. packets.

What do the miners earn? The answer is that the colliers, the men who actually dig the coal, are paid by the shift, and their earnings depend in what part of the pit they are working. The best men, like Sam Brown who, of course, comes from Derbyshire, earn as much as 25s. a shift. The minimum is 10s. 4d. a shift. This applies to men between the ages of twenty-one and sixty-five. When a boy leaves school at the age of fourteen he begins as a door-trapper — opening and shutting wooden doors which control ventilation —for which he gets only a few shillings a week. Then he ascends by way of pony-driving, haulage work, and clipping the coal tubs to the rope, until he goes to the coal-face as an apprentice at the age of twenty and earns the minimum of 9s. a shift. Of the many other varieties of employee, the paid officials known as deputies get £4 a week; the men in charge of the winding engines get as much as £5 a week (on which they wax noticeably plump); and the stokers, who have a six-day week, earn something over 50s. a week.

I do not propose in this article to take you underground or to go into the details of the contractors, the short-awn, the stalls, the districts, the main roads, and the ripping, but the average output per collier per shift is $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, though some may do as much as six. No, the time I spent at Ollerton was above ground. It was in the village club that I learnt about the various types of miners. I did not need to go 550 yards down to discover that the best miners are Derbyshire men, usually from Ilkeston, Heanor, or Eastwood, though South Normanton men claim that they are just as good if not better.

The reason why the Derbyshire men are so efficient is because they have learnt their trade in mines where the coal is hard, and where they have to become adepts with the pick. At Ollerton the coal is usually softer, and is "ragged off" with a crowbar inserted into a fissue and then levered outwards. But when a hard bit is encountered, the man who is good with a pick scores heavily. Metaphorically, he works with his head, knowing the grain of the coal. At Ollerton they always like to get Heanor men. Occasionally they will send over a couple who hailed from there originally for a week-end, with all expenses paid, to induce more of their mates to join them. The Derbyshire man wears boots and moleskins when he goes to work, changing the moleskins for knickers on arrival. Apart from his dialect, you can identify him by his habit of carrying his bottle of water in his pocket and his snap-bag over his arm. (Snap is miners' English for meal.)

The Welshmen, who are as small as the Derbyshire men are tall, are sharp-featured and hot-headed. They always wear clogs and carry their bottles attached to a rope on their back. There are less than a dozen of them now at Ollerton. Those that remain are good men. But no more are wanted. As a race they talk too much politics and cause too much trouble, and they are not popular among the other miners. Nor are their houses so clean, nor their clothes so tidy.

The Durham man carries his water bottle in his hand, and turns up rather late for the shift. He wears clogs, and talks only to men from his own part of the country. You can always distinguish him, too, by the fact that he arrives at the pit-head in trousers that only reach three-quarters of the way to his feet. It is an old Durham custom.

The Lancashire man carries his water in a Dudley bottle on his back, and wears exceptionally low clogs. This enables him to slip them off and "crack you one" with disconcerting ease. You must always watch a Lancashire man bending if you have annoyed him.

The Staffordshire man talks in such a sing-song voice that there is no mistaking him. Also he says, "Co' you 'ear" instead of "Can you 'ear." He is a good type of miner, but can never make up his mind whether to carry his water bottle in his hand or on his back.

The Yorkshireman likes "easy" coal. He is a good tub filler. but likes his grumble at pick work. He works in knickers like the men from Derbyshire.

The Irish are magnificent sinkers—the men who sink the original shaft, work which calls for courage and immense strength. They have glorious thirsts. At a dinner given by the colliery to celebrate the conclusion of the sinking operations, 180 of them drank 216 gallons of beer, which is a little over nine pints a man—and the local beer is dark and strong. They are men with whom you should never discuss religion or Ireland.

The Scots, I was told, are just plain, bigoted, rough fellows, whose standard of living has improved immensely since their arrival at Ollerton.

In case, by the way, this article is likely to create any trouble locally, let me say at once that these descriptions were given to me by the miners themselves. Not that I think there is likely to be any. The men are an extremely peaceable crowd, and do everything to help one another. If one of them is off work through illness, his mates take up a subscription for a whist drive at 3d. a head, and in this way will collect £10 in the course of a single pay day.

Whist is a very popular indoor game. Few miners play auction bridge, and contract is unknown. Solo and cribbage are popular. One must also mention "all fours," which is a "select" Irish game. In the Ollerton variety each man is dealt six cards with the Ace counting four, the King three, the Queen two, the Jack one, and the Ten counting ten. Another Irish game is "spoil five"—a kind of inverted nap.

But the great game at Ollerton is dominoes, the two experts being Clive Williamson and Riley Stothard. If these men took up contract they would probably make a fortune out of it. They seem to know by instinct what dominoes are still on the table, and which are in their opponent's capacious fist. In Nottinghamshire there are at least a dozen varieties of dominoes. At Ollerton the miners play either straight out or fives and threes.

LIFE ABOVE GROUND

Life as it is Lived at the Model Mining Centre, Ollerton, in the Heart of the Dukeries

By CHARLES GRAVES

When playing with a stranger you must be careful that some pal of his does not come lounging over to your side and indicate to your opponent what you have in your hand. For there is a kind of domino tic-tac which is highly efficient. If the third man strokes his thumb it means that you hold the double five. The double four, double three, double two, and double one are indicated by his stroking respectively his forefinger, middle finger, fourth finger, and little finger. The double six is shown by his poking his middle finger out independently. It would seem that there is no bad feeling if you catch anybody out or if you are caught out in turn. All that happens is that the man who is behind-hand can throw in and refuse to pay the bet, which is usually a pint of beer.

Cheerful trickery is also resorted to in tippet. This is a kind of Up Jenkins which is played for money, and is a popular game among the miners. You play twenty-one up, the object of the game being to deceive your opponent into thinking that you are holding a button in your hat, which is below the table, or in your left hand, when it is really in your right hand—or vice versâ. The average miner is pretty good at concealing the button completely with his thumb even when his hand is exposed. Aaron Jenkins, the Spencer Union secretary, taught me this in the village club—or Institute as it is called. Two other card games I should have mentioned are coon can, which they call rummy and pontoon. Billiards and snooker flourish at Ollerton, largely because a former Scottish amateur international lives in the village and gives lessons.

So much for the indoor pastimes, in which must be included dancing. This is so popular that the village supports no fewer than three different dance orchestras which hire themselves out in cut-throat competition for anything from a pound to thirty shillings a night. There is also a silver band which won second prize at Leicester last year, an excellent male-voice choir, a first-class quartette, and a boys' bugle band. There are *no* debating societies. Nor are darts nor shove halfpenny popular.

Bowls—on marvellous Cumberland turf imported by the Colliery proprietors for the men—is extremely popular, and the men are excellent at it. Hard courts and grass courts are available for tennis enthusiasts. There is a good soccer team, and every prospect of a good cricket team. There used to be a canine club until there were too many dogs. Several of the men breed racing-pigeons. Others have hens. All have gardens.

You might ask "When do the men work in the mines?" The answer is that, as I have said, the work in the mines is limited to three days a week. Even on those days the men work, of course, in three shifts, and those that work in the early shift have the afternoon off, while the afternoon shift have the morning with which to do as they like. All of them like to increase their depreciated earnings in some way, or at least to grow their own vegetables. You might think that a man who has just done about six hours' work at the coal face would not relish digging allotment gardens. But the average man does. And the Garden Holders Association among the miners is a very powerful organization, with annual cups and prizes to be won. Potatoes, cabbages, carrots, all grow well at Ollerton. So do onions, and woe betide the man who is caught pilfering his neighbour's celery.

The average day in the life of a miner is a start to the pithead while it is still dark with his snap bag and water bottle. The snap bag contains bread and dripping, and perhaps a banana or tomato. This is eaten between 10.30 a.m. and 10.45. At 2.30 p.m. he is back home, where a hot dinner of the very best English beef, mutton, or pork, garnished with vegetables grown in the back garden, is put before him. He will probably sleep on a sofa for two hours after that—who wouldn't, after digging out 3½ tons of coal before lunch time? He will then probably take a turn in his garden, and ultimately go up to the Institute at 5.30 for a pint and a chat, and a game of cribbage. Perhaps he is on the tug-of-war team, which hopes to win the 104 stone Midland Championship this year. In that case he will take his place on the rope tugging against a pully which raises huge weights when the proper pressure is applied. In any case you will see him clean, respectable, and tidy, with none of the grime and the coal dust on him or his clothes.

Bobbie Healey, once in the 17th Lancers, then a mounted policeman in Egypt (he was one of the four men detailed to arrest Zaghlul) is now "Works Constable" at Ollerton. But he only wears a uniform on pay day. He has a broad Midland accent, a high forehead, blue eyes, aquiline nose, policemen's boots, and the judgment of Solomon. He acts as arbitrator, unofficial police court magistrate, detective, and Little Father of the Poor. Employed by Mr. Montagu Wright, the colliery magnate, he settles disputes between neighbours; identifies poachers; takes complaints about leaks in the roofs; pacifies husbands; makes lodgers pay their rent to their landladies; stops small boys running over the neighbours' lawns; starts the boxing tournaments; takes care that there is no impropriety at the dances; and, in fact, acts as the local Solomon.

Under his care are 820 houses and 3,991 men, women, and children. He has been inside every house, and has reported whether it is clean or dirty (at the last census only seventeen came into the latter category); he inspects the gardens, notes whether they are cultivated or not; cracks jokes with the newly-marrieds; and informs the police about any men who on rare occasions may have been guilty of theft.

Let us start out with him then from the colliery offices where we have said good-bye to the pair of linnets in the surveyor's office. They are in a square cage with a perch from which they fall if they are taken into places underground where the air is bad (they soon recover with a treatment of oxygen). As we walk along, an engine shunts up to us and the driver hands Bobbie a lock which has been forced. The cupboard it fastened contained some colliery property which has since disappeared—stuff, however, which could only be useful to fitters. Bobbie pockets the lock and we move on to a bungalow with a young wife and a small baby.

The place is neat and clean, and the baby is sitting happily in a home-made swing attached to the top of the kitchen door. We pass the time of day, and then call on the redoubtable Esther Gibbons who sells sweets and cigarettes and runs a kind of boarding-house for young colliers. It is a one-storey affair with eight cubicles at the west end leading into a main living room, from which extend the living quarters of Mrs. Gibbons and her husband. In the living room are three husky young miners reading the newspapers in shirt-sleeves. They are on the afternoon shift, and have nothing to do until then. Around them on the floor are a dozen chicks, three mongrels, and two cats. But it is not like an Irish farmhouse. Everything is specklessly clean. So are the miners.

Esther sees to that. She has gold ear-rings and a face that looks as though it was carved out of wood. She is what is known as a "case"—in other word, a character. When the sinkers were at Ollerton and before the village was built she had twenty-four lodgers in her eight beds, who paid her 25s. a week for board and lodging. They slept in turn, and no bed was cold for a minute over a period of months. The bungalow in which she lives was one of those put up before the actual mining had begun.

So we will leave her and go to some of the regulation company houses. These are all of red brick, solidly built, with a front room, living room, scullery, three bedrooms, bathroom, box-room, and lavatory. Some have a parlour and some have not. The rent is 7s. 6d. a week, and in half of them there is constant hot water laid on from the Colliery. All have electricity, and every householder gets a ton of coal free once a month. The Company loses £1,500 a year over its housing scheme, but the tranquillity and content of the employees make it a cheap investment.

In front of each house is a small lawn on which children are not supposed to walk or play. As we made our way along Larch Avenue, Bobbie was greeted in kindly fashion by half-a-dozen men and women. Then he stopped a man who, he told me afterwards, had married a Salvation Army girl, quarrelled with her, parted from her, came back to live as a lodger in a house two doors away and was now living with her again. A moment later he pointed out a man who he said was a notable poacher. (There used to be hundreds of pheasants on Lord Savile's property, Wellow Wood. Two years ago they got 900. Last year they got thirty-five, and a similar number of rabbits.)

Two minutes later the captain of the local football team stopped Bobbie and asked him to catch a small boy who was throwing stones on a zinc roof, and thus preventing the men who had been on night shift from sleeping during the morning. Bobbie caught him. We entered two or three more houses. In one of them was a beautiful Alsatian which must have cost at least 5s. a week to feed. In two others the wives were doing the washing.

Every year at Ollerton there are at least twenty-five marriages and in the village school there are no fewer than

(Continued on p. 162)

"SNAP" is mining slang for food. Esther Gibbons is here seen presiding over the breakfast table. Miners in work get the best of fare for their mid-day dinner, eaten at about 3 p.m. His rations underground are bread, dripping, a tomato or banana—and water

KEEP OFF THE GRASS is a rule for the children in Ollerton, and it is enforced by Bobbie Healey. The trimness of the streets marks the atmosphere of the model settlement

MINERS OF THE FUTURE: A typical group of miners' children at play. Most of the 950 children who are in the area were born at Ollerton and are being given a real chance in life in admirable surroundings

WOMEN OF THE MINES: A typical miner's wife and (left) daughter. The general standard of life in Ollerton is extremely high

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

THE GREAT INDOOR SPORT is dominoes. The two local experts, Clarence Williamson, the champion, and Riley Stothard are here seen playing. The local code regards cheating with a lenient eye, on the "thou must not be found out" principle

The WORLD of the AIR

THE AERIAL AMBULANCE: A series of Puss Moths, built by the de Havilland Company for the Iraq Government, have been especially designed for use as ambulances and bomb-dropping. In the former case the casualty is suspended in a hammock of particular design from the roof of the small cabin

THE ROCKET PARACHUTE which is fired when an alien aeroplane flies over German territory. The machine so warned is, according to International law, bound to descend. This is the only aerial defence allowed to Germany

AIRWAY BEACONS: A shipment of fifty of the world's largest airway beacons has left Cleveland, Ohio, for installation throughout the United States by the Department of Commerce. This shipment is part of an order for 250 such beacons made by the Westinghouse Company. The beams are visible for fifty miles on a clear night and a double beam of approximately 1,780,000 candle-power is thrown

THE END OF A RECORD FLIGHT: Mr. J. A. Mollison's Puss Moth machine hauled out of the way of advancing waves at Milnerton Beach, Cape Town, after his crash at the end of his record-breaking trip from London. He covered the journey in four days, seventeen hours, nineteen minutes, and travelled via Lympne; Colomb Bechar, North Africa; Reggan Oasis; Gao; Niame; Duale; St. Paul; Mossamedes; Walvis Bay; and Port Nolloth. The crash was occasioned by Mr. Mollison avoiding the aerodrome on account of the lights trying his overstrained eyes. Mr. Mollison's good fortune in escaping accident after the crash is a matter for world-wide congratulation

THE "PLANE" TREE: One of the most remarkable aeroplane accidents ever recorded took place at Vincennes, Indiana, recently, when a machine alighted on a tree after the engine "stalled." The pilot escaped with minor bruises only

CONCENTRATED WISDOM

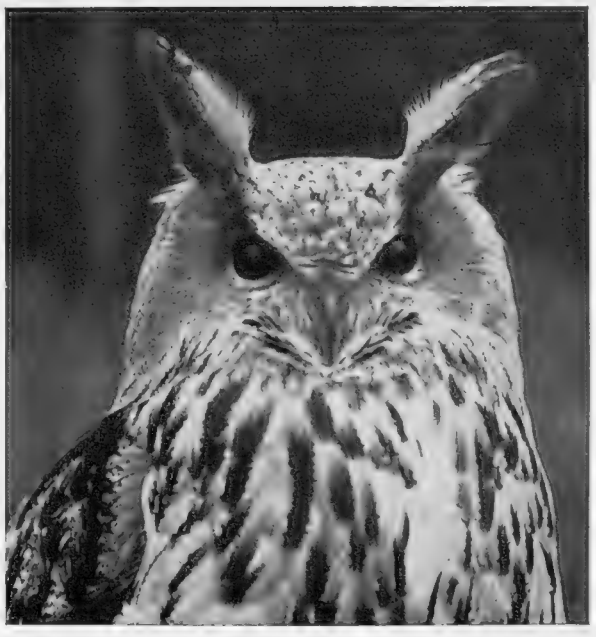
FROM NORTH OF AUSTRALIA: A rare owl from an island some 250 miles north of Australia, now in the Oxford Zoo. The eye with the lowered lid has a larger iris than that more exposed to the light

"OLD MR. BROWN": The great horned owl—otherwise known as the Virginian Eagle—in the superb collection of owls in an aviary at Thatched Holme, Wargrave

A MALAYAN FISHING OWL IN FLIGHT: One of the 112 owls in the collection at Wargrave of Mr. Spedan Lewis, a distinguished business man; they are taken care of by Miss Chawner, the curatrix

FROM THE ARCTIC: Snowy owls from the almost ultimate north. Their colouring is largely protective and their feathers are both heavier and warmer than ordinary owls of more temperate climes

THE BROOD OF PALLAS: A female sand-owl and her four chicks captured in Nebraska and installed at the Washington Park Zoo, Milwaukee. The projections from the heads of some of the owls on this page look like ears, but they are really only tufts of feathers



THE TIGER OF THE SKIES: An eagle-owl from Turkestan, Central Asia, whose plumage is striped in tiger fashion—one of the fiercest of the species

THE THREAT TO THE AFRICAN ELEPHA

AT THE MOMENT OF THE CHARGE: A remarkable study in a dry river bed of an elephant as he prepared to launch his bulk at a hunting party. The camera was held by Mrs. Pat Tremlett, while the charge was terminated by a bullet from the rifle of Mr. Goss, the famous organizer of safari and hunter of Nairobi. The beast is more agile looking than Zoo specimens

DETACHED FROM THE HERD: A young bull elephant ranging the high-grassed veldt

Experts predict that the elephant will be extinct in Africa within fifty years. This, in view of the present rate of destruction, is optimistic. For years the slaughter of elephants has continued, for the elephant dead provides a wealth of ivory that few hunters can ignore. True, there is now a severe control of licences granted for the shooting of elephants for ivory, but, once in the heart of the African bush, control of the hunter is almost impossible.

A hunter with a licence to shoot two elephants in East Africa is likely to forget the warnings and penalties when he stumbles across a herd. And in tracking that herd he may move into Belgian territory. Then he is no longer controlled by a British licence. He shoots, buries the ivory at some convenient spot near the frontier, and when a favourable night comes transports it to his own camp on British soil.

Moreover, the shooting of two or three elephants, and the ivory that comes from it, will pay the expenses of many a man wandering through the African bush. I once met an energetic young American in Cape Town

THE SENTINEL: A family group of eleph the herd keeps watch and ward. Herald

who, with less than £30 in his pocket to travel overland to Cairo. He reach five months with over £100 in his pocket that he met a herd of elephants near shot several, and sold the ivory to a trader in the vicinity. This massacre mo for his trip.

The real massacre of the elephants be as 1910. West of the upper Nile is a s country known as the Lado Enclave. period of several months from the evacu territory by the Belgians and the taki responsible British officials. During this hiatus all the white adventurers of adjoinin Uganda, the Sudan, and East Africa, pou rich game territory intent on getting rich o expense of the elephants. There was no there was no law. In five months the L resembled the mythical elephant c realistically as the hundreds of rotti could.

Even the World War gave little rest to of Africa. Many young officers in the campaign, when given leave from the shooting the enemy, turned their atte elephant herds.

When the settlement and cultivation East Africa began, licences were issued to authority to kill twenty-five elephants. of Government hunters was formed, an down every elephant they could find.

It is only within recent years that th the extermination of elephants has be Game preserves have now been formed

PHANT

group of elephant enjoying a bath in the Ruaha River, while the largest member of d ward. Heraldically speaking, a beast fulfilling this function has his ears "flappant"

in his pocket determined iro. He reached Cairo in 00 in his pocket. It appears elephants near the Congo, the ivory to a half-caste is massacre more than paid

the elephants began as early pper Nile is a slice of bush Lado Enclave. There was a from the evacuation of this s and the taking over by ls. During this international turers of adjoining territories, East Africa, poured into this on getting rich quickly at the There was no restraint as e months the Lado Enclave al elephant cemetery as dreds of rotting carcases

ave little rest to the elephants officers in the East African eave from the business of rned their attention to the

and cultivation of land in s were issued to anyone with ve elephants. Then a corps was formed, and they shot could find.

nt years that the danger of ephants has been realized. ow been formed in different parts of Africa, and the wardens of these territories do their best to cajole the last remnants of the elephant herds into such sanctuaries. The Game Warden of Uganda, Mr. C. R. S. Pitman, has given some pathetic descriptions of these last herds.

Much of the life of the Game Warden and his three Rangers is taken up with watching over the movements of elephants; and the elephants of Uganda are evidently learning what is expected of them. They know their "sanctuaries" where they may not be shot, and where they can do no damage; they seem even to know what will happen to them if they disobey and go raiding farmlands. The elephants, too, are realizing that their best sanctuaries are in places where the hunters cannot penetrate. There is an area in Africa, the widespread Sud marshes at the southern end of the Nile, which is impassable on foot. The black belt can only be traversed at present by little steamers. Aviators, however, flying over this area have detected and photographed huge herds of elephants. It suggests that the trumpet note of a safe sanctuary has been sent out by the elephants, and that the scattered herds of other territories have trekked into these marshes where they are safe from men.

Natives, too, will not hesitate to kill game for the sake of food. Many of them know the value of ivory, and how to dispose of it. One has only to see the medley of tusks outside the ivory stores of Zanzibar to realize that the massacre of the elephants still continues. Apparently these great beasts of the wild may only be preserved to make a Bank Holiday ride for children who visit the Zoo.

W. J. M.

AN ELEPHANT PATH IN THE BUSH: The remoter parts of the Kaokoveld are criss-crossed with elephant tracks. The elephant is an engineer in his way—his eye for gradients, Colonel Reitz says, is excellent—and he acts as a pioneer for mankind. The tracks made and kept open by the huge animals are often the only paths that exist, and white men would not be able to accomplish parts of their journey but for these "highways"

BOOKS:

Kipling's Magic and Mastery still all but Omnipotent: An Inferiority Complex in Superior Prose: A Russian Truth-teller: Byronomania

By CECIL ROBERTS

It is the practice among the too-clever-to-sell school of modern writers to sneer at Rudyard Kipling as a man who made a sensation with a trick. He should have died long ago, and the fact that his name still commands reverence fills them with fury. I have never hesitated to declare that, for me, there is one writer, Rudyard Kipling, and a long way after him there are half a dozen scribes whose rank must be a matter of contention. If I had been in doubt at any moment my loyalty would be renewed at once by this new book, *Limits and Renewals* (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.). Heaven knows what the title means, unless Mr. Kipling seeks to set bounds to his own genius. Here, in the range and technique of the fourteen stories, with prologues and epilogues of verse, there can be no question of limits, and the force and originality demonstrate that these are not an old man's scrapings or renewals of a spent power. The fountain is as fierce, as bright, as in the old days when duke's son, cook's son, and son of a belted earl read and remembered their Kipling.

This is not an easy book to read. Some of the stories, frankly, are quite bewildering. One cannot say they fail, since they are too mysterious to be summed up by that one word. Mr. Kipling has always liked the literary jig-saw puzzle. When you comprehend his design you feel extremely clever and enlightened, but even when you are left adrift amid his half-conveyed thoughts, his broken dialogue, his situations that start with completion and work down to their moment of creation, you are held by this man who uses language with such force, who grabs phrases by the neck and pushes their noses on to the grindstone until every facet of revelation is sharp like a blade.

No preacher ever presented St. Paul and St. Peter in such strange attire, so subdued into the circumstances, as Mr. Kipling presents them in *The Church that was Antioch*. And yet when they appear in the company of a Roman official who is stabbed to death they are no more than men and, being reduced to the dimensions of mere men, they emerge in the mind of the reader unforgettably great. Mr. Kipling, with his unique genius, has all his life refused to be literary. One feels that he hates words, that they are things that should have violence done to them, animals that should be bridled and whipped and set to drive the chariot of ideas down the channels of human history. The opening paragraph of the book, introducing the story of a man who forged a Chaucer manuscript and won a knighthood for it, reveals the Kipling pen at once. No other living writer could have created this paragraph. Probably no other living writer would want to, for he dare not be so rough with his audience:

"In the days beyond compare and before the Judgments a genius called Graydon foresaw that the advance of education and the standard of living would submerge all mind-marks in one mudrush of standardized reading-matter and so created the Fictional Supply Syndicate to meet the demand."

"ONE WRITER"—Mr. Rudyard Kipling—who, in the estimation of Mr. Cecil Roberts, ranks head and shoulders above his contemporaries who are designated "scribes"

Dorothy Wilding

MISS URSULA BLOOM, whose new book, *The Log of a Naval Officer's Wife*, is an indictment of the Admiralty's attitude towards the "women of the Senior Service!"

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Call of the North," by H. H. HOUBEN (Mathews and Marrot. 15s. net); "Walter Leaf," by C. M. LEAF (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net); "Warrior," by Lieut.-Colonel GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON (Hutchinson. 10s. net); "Women in Men's Guise," by O. P. GILBERT (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net); "Wold Without End," by H. J. MASSINGHAM (Cobden Sanderson. 10s. 6d. net); "In Great Waters," by Captain S. G. S. McNEIL (Faber and Faber. 15s. net); "South African Memories," by Sir PERCY FITZPATRICK (Cassell. 21s. net); "Flamboyante," by HUBERT S. BANNER (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d. net).

That seems the keynote to Mr. Kipling's contempt for the herd. He still delights in showing us how muddied is the oaf, he reserves his kindness for the weakness of man and his mockery for his vainglory. I would give all the stories in this book for *The Woman in his Life*. It is a dog story, of how he delivered a man from an evil dream and saved a mind tottering on the brink of destruction. It is told with that strange distrust of the human machine and an infinite faith in the fidelity of animals which are not new to the Kipling reader. Here is the perfect short story, the bitter-sweet commentary on the habits of men written with a delicacy, a vigour, a burning intensity that were brought into literature along the road to Mandalay, and will march out of it to the dying of the drums of the fore and aft. No other living mind can create such music in the heart of man. I do not understand the story *Aunt Ellen*. I am not distressed by the fact, and will not abuse Mr. Kipling for my density. Godlike, he rides in the cloud sometimes and all is dark, but I know he commands the lightning. The Heavens open under his word and the world flashes into being. One is almost blinded in *The Manner of Men* by the opening paragraph. We are all so very clever these days that we forget there is such a thing as writing. We are too literate to believe in literature. Yet here it is. No book of the month club will ever find it by committee meeting.

"Her cinnabar-tinted topsail, nicking the hot, blue horizon, showed she was a Spanish wheatboat hours before she reached the Marseilles mole. There, her mainsail brailed itself, a spritsail broke out forward, and a handy driver aft, and she threaded her way through the shipping to her berth at the quay as quietly as a veiled woman slips through a bazaar."

It should be clear now why I declare there is Kipling, and there are some other writers. In his presence let us all be dumb.

Mr. Thomas Burke has given us a collection of essays in *City of Encounters* (Constable. 7s. 6d.), and yet the word "essay" does not quite describe this variety of studies that combine autobiography with criticism and fiction. The first pleasure arises from the smoothness of the writing. It is all so effortless and yet so sure in its effect. And Mr. Burke at times is the artful dodger. He tells you authors are dull dogs to meet, and then narrates his years in a literary agency, and makes them appear the most exciting phase of his life. From the windows of a Bloomsbury house he looks down on the London scene and loves it. He is a man of deep and wide sympathies on the whole, although he abhors a gentleman, and is suspicious of the well-dressed. He affects to believe that labouring men receive starvation wages, and I suspect that Lenin still presides over his conception of Paradise, but apart from the comfortable Communism which I have observed to be the hobby of those with detached habits of life, Mr. Burke is sound and shrewd in his appreciation of the adventure of living.

He has a masterly way of making the commonplace appear attractive. I detest cheap restaurants, ill-groomed humanity, and the tawdry mentality that supplies the pit queue. I may express my sympathy for all it lacks, I cannot subscribe to the admiration that Mr. Burke feels, almost to a point of ecstasy, as he contemplates the baggy-trousered proletariat. There is a brilliant sketch of Mr. Tooting, but how he hates that poor instalment-tethered, suburban train-catching symbol of respectability! It has all the Russian frenzy against the bourgeoisie. It suggests an ineradicable inferiority complex, perhaps ever present in the man of letters contemplating the docility of the man of habits.

It is difficult to know which chapter to select for praise in a book full of good things, of apt phrasing, shrewd judgment, and unfailing humour. Mr. Burke can defend even the literary agent, friendless among authors. But he worked in an agent's office and knew at first-hand the base ingratitude of the scribe. He awakens in me the mood of reminiscence. It happens that he writes now in the very house to which I came at the age of twenty-two, opening a campaign for the conquest of London. He recalls the impression created in the agent's office when Masefield's *The Widow in the Bye Street* came in.

I recall, too, that wonderful afternoon when one Norman Douglas showed me this very typescript, probably sent on by the hands of the young Burke, in the office of the *English Review*, which was then making literary history under the editorship of Austin Harrison. As I came down those stairs into Covent Garden, England was then, indeed, a nest of singing birds. "I don't suppose *The Widow in the Bye Street* would move any reader of to-day as it moved us; poetry has met with many adventures since then. But a work is of its period . . . and in 1912 the *Widow* undoubtedly held for us something that it doesn't hold to-day."

After reading this book let us never again mention the word "Limehouse" in the hearing of Mr. Burke. He confesses to us that it was a literary fraud. Year after year reverent Americans go down to Limehouse looking for something that never existed. Well let Mr. Burke be comforted in his transgression; he has brought a profitable traffic to the Causeway. And life has a habit of living up to fiction. He tells us how, fourteen years after her imaginary birth, Twinkletoes really came to life—even to the precise frock. Thomas Burke has known London all his life and has loved it. He even takes breath to insult the country, but he feels the spirit of change is upon everything.

"At forty-three I can say that I knew London when it had no electric trams, no motor-buses, no taxis, no palais de danse, no Corner House or Maisons; and when the modern dance was the "cake-walk." Traffic up to 1905 was horse drawn; the noise of the streets was the staccato of hoofs and the trill of bells. A little rain made those streets a morass. City omnibuses went no farther west than Shepherd's Bush and no farther east than Bow. At inclines a third horse was added to the regular two."

There seem to be no two opinions about the work of Theodore Dreiser. You regard him as a formless, garrulous plodder in muddy prose or as the Michael-angelo of Literature, great in conception and execution, a mind brooding over the human scene. Thomas Burke is a Dreiser-fan. He will allow no moderation in the praise of this genius. It is an enthusiasm which I share. I read Dreiser and preached Dreiser long before he buried me in *The American Tragedy*. He is now making a ponderous, elephantine path through the scenes of his youth.

A Hoosier Holiday (Constable. 10s. 6d.) is another contribution to his autobiography. This books tells the story of a motor-trip from New York to his native towns

(Cont. on p. 162)

"I LIVED WITH YOU": Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Thea Holme in the author-actor-composer's new and successful play at the Prince of Wales Theatre

THE BANQUET HALL OF THE ROBBER COUNT: Two moments from the music. In the upper view the Robber Chief is leaning towards his stolen the lower view the King's son invades

PLAYS:

"The Miracle" at the Lyceum Lives up to its Name: "Bewitched" at the Arts Theatre, of the Stage, Stagey: "The Dubarry" Holds Her Court at H.M.

By PHILIP PAGE

If the Lyceum Theatre had been so utterly transmogrified that not even the Dean of Westminster could distinguish it from his Abbey: or, on the other hand, if Mr. Cochran had been content to leave it precisely as it was a few weeks ago, when Mr. George Jackley and not Lady Diana Cooper was the principal attraction, *The Miracle* would equally be a show of transcendent loveliness and interest.

Cinderella and *The Miracle* are both pantomimes, and both have a demon king. That in one the demon king sings bass songs with tinsel on his eyelids, and in the other he leaps about, in the person of M. Massine, and is called the Spielmann is, after all, only a minor point. Cinderella left her drab kitchen-existence to dance with a handsome prince, and had to hurry back again. The nun left *her* drab sacristan existence to dance with all sorts of handsome people—and came back again. Besides, does not the old fairy story abound in miracles? The changing of a pumpkin into a coach, and rats into ponies may not be so awe-inspiring as the miraculous things that happen at the Lyceum under Reinhardt; but they are miraculous none the less. So do not let "the grey glory of things Gothic" hypnotize us into imagining that there is any peculiar virtue in this modern German fairy story, as such, that cannot also be found in the ancient French one.

Not for a moment do I intend to convey by this that I am not a whole-hearted devotee of *The Miracle*. I found Olympia my ideal home in 1912 and visited the spectacle when it was produced there at least a dozen times. I hope to go as often to the Lyceum. But my point is that the most miraculous thing about *The Miracle* is that it can make (and thank goodness it can!) thousands and thousands of cultured and sensible people forget all their sense of logical analysis and enjoy that lump in the throat and that tear in the eye that suggest a divinely beautiful and poetic origin. Put *The Miracle* under a sort of merciless microscope and apart from the cleverness of Herr Reinhardt's production and Humperdinck's fine music, it simply cannot hold together.

Sasha

"MUSICAL CHAIRS": Messrs. John Gielgud and Frank Vosper in the triumphant first play by Ronald Mackenzie, *Musical Chairs*, at the Criterion Theatre

It is not the only "masterpiece" in this galley. Barrie's *Mary Rose* conveys a sense of ethereal fantasy, of heart-breaking pathos. It will drive hordes of people to floods of profitable tears whenever it is revived. Yet *Mary Rose* is as pretty a bit of nonsense as was ever staged. Take *Parsifal*, considered the culmination of Richard Wagner's mighty career. Its magic holds you. But it is nothing but abracadabra magic—pompous religiosity, sentimental, and insincere. However, Barrie and Wagner and Volmoeller and Reinhardt and Cochran are all geniuses in their own line. They know how to "put the fluence" on. I like the fluence. And that is why I like *The Miracle*, though its religion is sham religion, its poetry sham poetry, and its drama sham drama.

In the wide open spaces of Olympia, where men are men, and nuns were nuns, the vastness of the thing hit one in the eye and left one little time to concentrate on *The Miracle* as a play. At the Lyceum the play is, as it were, right on top of one. The little word "why?" crops up over many points. I would only ask why the nun, back again in the cathedral, is now made to recite the Lord's Prayer—unless as a concession to Lyceum traditions of the post-Irving era?

But that is as nothing in face of the astounding efficiency of the whole production. Given that *The Miracle* is to be produced in a theatre, semi-cathedralized, it could not have been done better. The grouping, Oliver Messel's costumes, the stern, terrible medievalism of the secular scenes, the *décor* of Professor Strnad are beyond reproach.

Hunperdinck's music was always exquisitely perfect. This has now been added to—quite well, too—by three composers whose names figure in the programme. Also by two composers whose names do not—Wagner represented by rather more than a suggestion of the *Forest Murmurs*, and Beethoven, by bits of the Seventh Symphony.

Lady Diana Cooper as the Madonna not only looked divinely beautiful, which she does not find difficult, but moved and acted with a grace and dignity that seemed hardly of this world. Miss Tilly Losch's nun rather missed the nun-like aspect—I never felt she had a "call" at all—but she is a brilliant mime and a superb dancer. Mr. Lyn Harding, as the old king, and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, as both his son and as a cripple who is cured *coram populo* (a great moment, this) contributed first-rate performances.

One of the best plays of recent times, *Musical Chairs*, had its preliminary trip at the Arts Theatre. I wish I could be optimistic about the future of *Bewitched*, a play by Mr. Clive Currie, just produced in those pleasantly intimate surroundings. Mr. Currie is an amusing actor, who has delighted me of late at the Shaftesbury Theatre with his impersonations of Batemanesque admirals and the like.

Now caricature is not only permissible but desirable when you are aiming at humour. When the object has obviously been to write a rather "strong" comedy, with a vein of highly serious fantasy running through it, probabilities must be adhered to as far as is feasible.

I do not say that the author of this rather preposterous play should not have dug into his long professional experience and brought forth as many of the characters and situations as he could remember, duly clothing them with language that has never been spoken anywhere save in the proximity of a row of footlights. The theatre is no worse for having a bit of "theatre" about it. But I do suggest that he might have made better use of his discoveries, and have wiped at any rate the top layer of dust off them. Lots of people can "get away with" Devonshire rustics, cider and all. There is no reason why the rector of the parish should not go to sleep and dream he is his own ancestor, running through blackguards with his sword and kissing a dark-haired gipsy-girl (who, in the last act turns out to be the daughter of the local squire), and painting pictures.

Even in the eighteenth century this parson behaved immaculately, for when the girl told him she loved him, and wanted, bluntly, to spend the night with him, he remarked ascetically, "Get thee to my chamber, girl. I will sleep in yon outhouse." But the play is so loosely constructed, so overloaded with plot, and so susceptible of laughs in the wrong place that I marvelled at its clumsiness.

Pictures by Sasha

splendiferous presentation of Volmoeller's *The Miracle* with Humperdinck's exquisite lady-love, the nun, who is enduring the riotous banquet as best she may. In the scene and plays cards for the lady

A company, with certain weak spots, struggled along gamely in an unequal battle. Mr. Martin Lewis played the parson in pleasantly direct fashion, in both the eighteenth and the twentieth century; Mr. Eric Stanley contrived to make something of the squire, and Mr. Reginald Bach and Mr. Ben Welden were among those to whom were allotted character parts which have done duty in at least a thousand plays.

The middle-age spread and the approach of the guillotine nightly being considered most fit subjects for light-operatic treatment, the career of Madame Dubarry as depicted at His Majesty's Theatre, "stops short at the cultivated Court" of His Majesty Louis XV. That is to say, we see in *The Dubarry* only the early career of that famous lady, her struggles, and her triumph. We leave her declaring that she loved the king for himself alone (which may very well have been the case), and looking on the chagrin of her political enemy, Choiseul, condemned to banishment.

Naturally this piece is a series of episodes rather than a play, and dramatically it is not very effective. But it was a relief to find familiar, if disreputable, figures of history treated sensibly, and not as filmdom would treat them . . . for I fear that a Dubarry and Louis story as a sort of "Samson and Tallulah" entanglement will come sooner or later. And probably sooner.

The chief complaint about musical pieces of the "period" type is that they lack humour, or that such humour as is introduced teems with anachronisms. *The Dubarry* is not exactly weighed down into the dust with fun though it is never too heavy; but the humour it does contain springs fairly naturally out of the characters and the situations. We are not shown people in pre-Revolution Versailles talking of cocktails and Quaglino's and the Rector of Stiffkey and so on. Without being too great a stickler for historical accuracy in musical-comedy I confess that sort of thing exasperates me.

The whole of *The Dubarry* is dominated, vocally and pictorially, by a new and very bright star from Germany—Miss Anny Ahlers. In spite of the tradition that all German heroines should be fat and flaxen, particularly if they are vocalists, Miss Ahlers is slim and Titian-haired. She knows precious little about the English language as yet, but a great deal about acting and still more about singing. She makes the Comtesse loose-limbed and rather ungraceful in her earlier scenes, but that is what she probably was before she caught the pose of a court which could walk and talk well even if it could sin thoroughly.

Mr. Lawrence Anderson's Louis XV. had the ring of truth about it, just as the exquisite grace of Miss Mimi Crawford, dancing in a ballet by Ravel, had the ring of true beauty. Mr. Heddle Nash, the tenor, made the most of his passionate pleadings in Act I, for later he simply faded away. Mr. Charles Heslop, Miss Clarice Hardewicke (a brilliant soubrette), Mr. Edmund Willard, Mr. C. M. Hallard, Mr. Farren Soutar, and Miss Helen Haye formed the remainder of a really strong cast. With its splendid *décor*, its tuneful music, and its general air of efficiency. *The Dubarry* should hold her court for a long while.

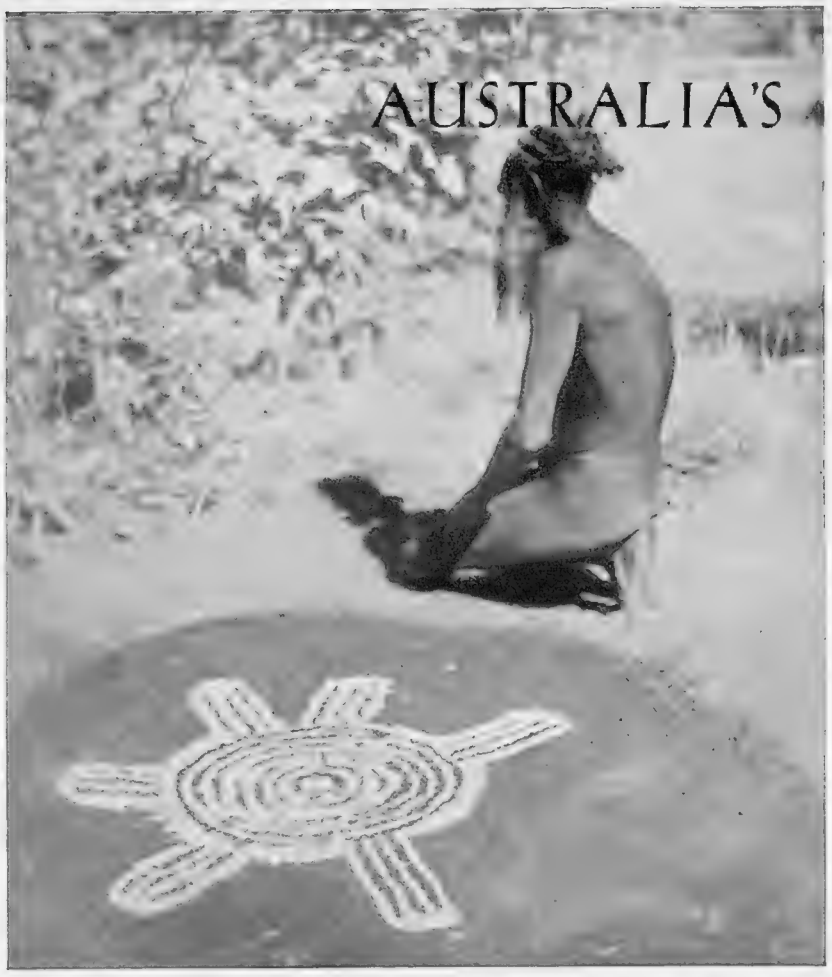
The Chocolate Soldier, tuneful music wedded to a sensible plot, was always a first-rate operetta. At the Shaftesbury it has made a most welcome reappearance. Other musical plays from Mittel-Europa in London to-day, which have cost at least half a dozen times as much to produce, would, stripped of their expensive adjuncts, make a poor show beside this thing of Strauss and Shaw.

Miss Annie Croft is uncompromisingly English and the heroine of this play is unmistakably Balkan. But she sings so well and acts with such sincerity that she is a genuine success in the part. Miss Sara Allgood, has plenty to do as the susceptible middle-aged lady, originally played so well by Miss Amy Augarde, and Mr. Tom Shale appears again in his original part, getting even more fun out of it.

THE NUN—OUT OF CHARACTER!: Miss Tilly Losch who plays the Nun in *The Miracle*. Her engagement for this part created almost as much sensation as her marriage to Mr. G. F. W. James

A PREHISTORIC TYPE ALIVE TODAY: A Bushman of Central Australia whose profile shows extraordinarily large development of the skull immediately above the eyes—a characteristic of the Neanderthal type of Europe

A BURIAL CAVE: The relatives lay their hands on the wall and squirt a mouthful of pipe-clay against it, leaving a negative impression



"ETOMINJA": An old man guarding a sacred ground known by this name. A circular space is cleared and human blood is sprinkled over it to receive the design seen—carried out in the white down of the eagle-hawk. If an unauthorized person approaches the ground he is put to death and buried beneath the design and his blood used to saturate the surface anew

A NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIAN GRAVE: The dead are placed in N.W. Australia upon platforms constructed in the trees. After some months the relatives return to collect the bones which they wrap in cylindrical parcels of bark and conceal in caves. Two such parcels are seen in the picture above

ORDEALS MAKYTH MAN: is the motto of many savage and primitive races and the Australian aborigines are no exception to the rule. Among the several initiation rites which raise the boys to manhood, one of the strangest is that of "tooth-rapping." In the picture the operator is seen at the head of the initiate on the ground, holding the point of a short rod with his left hand against a front tooth, while with a pebble in his right hand he strikes the opposite end of the rod until the tooth flies from its socket

AUSTRALIA'S ABORIGINES

Peaceful and Primitive, they now have Official Protectors

By Dr. Herbert Basedow

It was Thomas Huxley, the great English scientist, who recognized in the Australian aboriginal a type of human being which in many respects closely resembled that of the prehistoric men of Europe. Modern investigators have amply borne out this view, and it is on this account that the aborigines of Australia are so interesting scientifically. It is to be regretted that through the influences of the white man's civilization their numbers are fast diminishing. At the present day it is estimated the total of the full-blooded population does not exceed 50,000.

Generally speaking, they are a harmless and peace-loving race who have been of invaluable service to the European pioneer. In the remote districts of Central and Northern Australia they are still to be found in their pristine and uncontaminated condition. They have no permanent habitations, each of the numerous tribal groups being nomadic within the recognized boundaries of its inherited haunts. They live on the proceeds of the chase, although an organized system of inter-tribal barter may be observed over wide areas.

Women are occasionally included in the bargains agreed upon. Polygamy is practised, but their codes of morality are excellent. Marriage is not by choice, but is governed by a strict observance of totemic group relationships. Children are instructed in the arts of tracking, hunting, and fighting, and at a later stage are diligently instructed in the folklore and mythology of the tribe. From infancy onwards, they are made to ignore pain and encouraged to become hardy.

Up to the age of maturity they have to submit to several painful rites in connection with their initiation; these rites include tooth-rapping, head-biting, fire-walking, circumcision, and other operations. No individual is considered mature until he or she has passed the several stages of initiation; in most tribes there are two or three of such ceremonies to pass, but in some areas many more are prescribed before a youth is recognised by the men.

The aboriginal is religious by instinct; he conducts forms of nature, ancestor, and sex worship. Moreover, he believes in a number of deities who are under the rule of a Supreme Being. The home of all spirit ancestors and deities is supposed to be in the sky. An evil spirit is also recognised which is of terrible appearance, and prowls about at night-time to molest innocent tribesmen.

When food-stuffs and game-supplies run short, religious ceremonies are instituted by which a totem-spirit is invoked to preside and implored to make a certain species of game or edible plant reproduce itself in quantity. These ceremonies are very sacred and are known as *Intichuma*. The performers are elaborately decorated with ochre and feather-down. They imitate the action, mode of growth, call, or other characteristic of the object desired during a dance with the object of suggesting to the spirit what is required. The ceremonies always take place at night, several large fires being burned to provide the necessary light. The spirit is believed to take up his abode in a decorated hollow log erected at the ceremonial ground or in a tall head-gear worn by the principal performer, which contains a sacred object known as Tjuringa.

The natives are artistically inclined; apart from decorating their bodies, they construct extensive and tasteful designs upon the ground which are usually removed again the moment the ceremony is concluded. In many of their caves, too, they have veritable art galleries consisting of ochre, pipe-clay, and charcoal drawings of animals, human beings, sacred emblems, and numerous other designs. Certain groups of these convey to the aboriginal events and episodes of tribal interest or mythical importance.

WHEN THACKERAY CAME TO WEIMAR

The Following Description of a Visit by William Makepeace Thackeray and his Daughter in 1854 to Ottilie von Goethe, Daughter-in-Law of Goethe, in Weimar, Gives a Picture of that "Intellectual Centre" of Germany in its Classical Period. Dr. Walter Vulpius, the Author, a Physician in Weimar, is a Descendant of Christiane Vulpius' Brother

William Makepeace Thackeray, the English novelist and satirist, joined in 1830 a group of young Englishmen who had for several years been received in Court circles in Weimar, and especially in the salon of Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie, where they had led a pleasant life. The German poet, Holtei, designated them satirically as "young English bears, who are to be licked into shape by the name of Goethe." As a mature man and noted writer, Thackeray returned for a short visit to this place of pleasant youthful memories.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY at the time he re-visited Weimar

On a late summer evening of the year 1854 the yellow post coach brought to Weimar, among other travellers, a tall Englishman, whose bright, lively eyes often seemed to find things that moved him to a humorous smile. His face was frank and pleasing, but a nose flattened at the bridge detracted somewhat from its appearance. With him was his daughter, a beautiful, blonde girl about sixteen years old.

As the coach rolled past Neuwallendorf, the father had directed his alert, interested daughter's attention to the inn and the dancing place on the other side of the road. "We made many a pleasant excursion to this place afoot, by coach, or sleigh," he told her, "and danced and played under these trees." He then showed her the small city spread out in the valley, among whose many towers the baroque tower of the palace was especially noticeable. When they arrived at the post-coach station, the two travellers gave their luggage to the porter of the tavern, Zum Erbprinzen, and continued their way on foot.

The simple theatre near the coach station recalled to the father cherished memories of performances he had seen in it, and he pointed out respectfully the Wittums Palace opposite, once the residence of the brilliant, kindly Duchess Anna-Amalia. The daughter objected that it "doesn't look at all like a palace."

"It is true," he replied, "that this simple house cannot be compared with our London palaces and courts, but a truly royal spirit had its abode here."

On the Esplanade they stopped for a short time in front of the Schiller House, of whose former owner Thackeray spoke in terms of warm veneration.

"And this is the house where you got the sword you treasure so much?" asked the daughter.

This sword, which had belonged to Schiller, was secured by Thackeray from a second-hand dealer in Weimar, who had bought many of the poet's belongings after his death. In later years Thackeray gave it to his friend, Bayard Taylor, the American poet, and later, American Minister in Berlin. Taylor bequeathed the sword to the Schiller House in Weimar, and his widow delivered it personally.

Frau von Goethe was in Weimar, but was staying for a while with her sister in the Voelkel House on the Esplanade. Thackeray wrote her there, and received the following answer:

"My dear friend Thackeray: I rejoice extraordinarily that I shall not miss your visit to Weimar, which might easily have been the case, since I have for years been living in Vienna. Hence I cannot receive you in my old tea salon where we spent so many inspiring hours Will you instead visit me and my sister in our garden house (of course only if the weather is good—otherwise here in our home).

We can then try over a cup of tea to conjure up again the old, dear spirits Your daughter is naturally also heartily welcome.—With greetings from your former Consul."

Thackeray explained to his daughter — "she refers to the jesting title of honour which we Englishmen conferred on her in our gratitude."

On the following afternoon father and daughter took a long walk through the park—and finally reached Goethe's garden house planted by the poet himself with the trees now grown so tall. From the gateway of the neighbouring garden an elderly woman in simple dress—Minchen, the true servant of the Pogwisch-Goethe family — called out to them:

"Are you the English gentleman whom my mistress is expecting? If you are, come in."

She led them up the ascending path to another garden house of neat appearance. High fir trees partly shut it off from the park; beneath them the tea table was set and decorated with flowers.

An elderly lady, in a lace cap and with grey curls hanging down each side of her face, which bore marks of suffering but was lit up by two unusually bright eyes, came to meet them with outstretched hands.

"I greet you heartily, Mr. Thackeray, for auld lang syne," she said; "this is my sister Ulrike, and here is my son Walther, whom you knew as a boy. Perhaps you may still remember how the Marquis Douro (the Duke of Wellington's second son) once cut his hair in such a horrible manner."

"Certainly I do," answered Thackeray. "It was a fearful sight, and I am glad that his hair has grown so finely since then."

"Yes," said the sickly Walther von Goethe, with sad irony, "but it would have been better if my strength had increased with it like Samson's."

Thackeray's daughter also received the heartiest welcome.

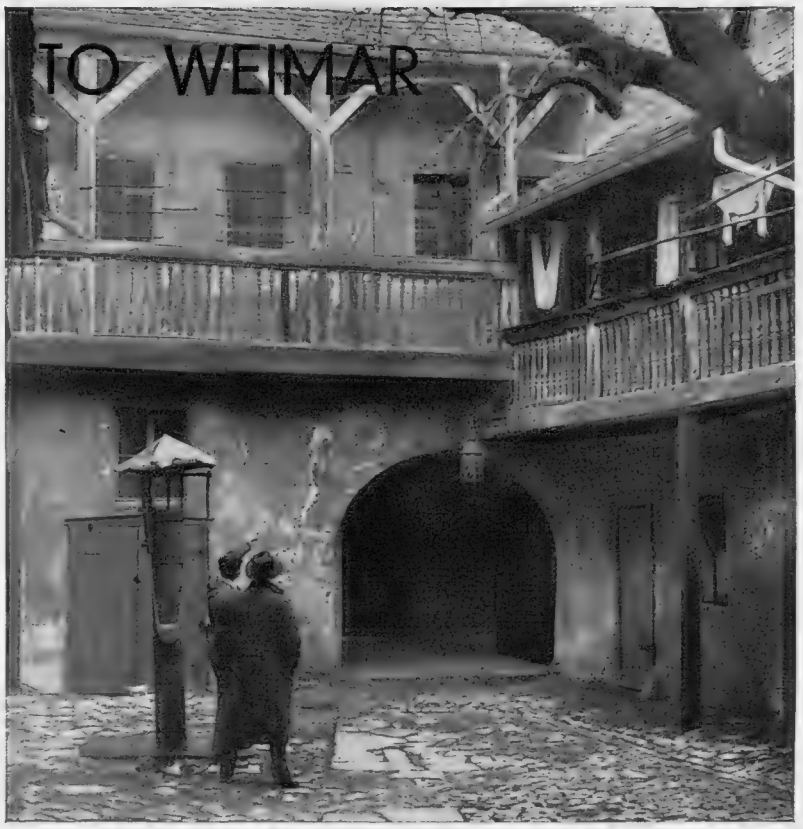
Meanwhile Minchen had served tea, and the old friends turned to recollections of the days when so many young Englishmen, Americans, and other foreigners had visited the Goethe house, always welcomed by Ottilie von Goethe with enthusiasm and aided and inspired in all their interests. But little was said about Naylor and Sterling.

Later, she turned to Thackeray's literary work which she had been following with the greatest interest. She spoke in terms of high admiration of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *Esmond*, and expressed her pleasure at the drawings with which he had illustrated them. "It reminded me of the time when you made so many caricatures and sketches at my tea table," she said. "I have kept them all as cherished souvenirs of those beautiful days."

Meanwhile Ulrike von Pogwisch and Walther von Goethe had been strolling through the Pogwisch and Goethe gardens with Thackeray's daughter, picking flowers and listening to the song of the birds. "Oh, listen to the nightingale," cried out the young girl. Walther von Goethe corrected her:

"I must say, like a second Romeo, that it isn't the nightingale nor yet a lark. But it is just as good and a very industrious singer withal. It is what you call a blackbird."

Society in Weimar has changed greatly since Thackeray's days, but the old reverence for the city's classical traditions still lives, and its citizens regard it as a sacred duty to extend a hearty welcome to all guests seeking the places hallowed by great men. This attitude is a confirmation of Goethe's own boast: "I am a citizen of the world, I am a Weimaraner."



ANTIQUITY IN WEIMAR: The Kirms-Krackow House where Franz and Karl Kirms lived in the days of Goethe—the golden age of the town whose citizenship the great poet compared to that of Orbis Terrarum

OTTILIE GOETHE, the poet's daughter-in-law who received Thackeray on his return to Weimar

SCHILLER'S SWORD which Thackeray bought and later gave to Bayard Taylor

THE CASTLE OF WEIMAR —a city thronged this (centenary) year of Goethe's death

THE ART OF THACKERAY in caricature was as remarkably sub-acid as his gift for satire in letters. This is quaintly entitled "Be it ever so humble There's no Place like Home"

WEIMAR HALL built in Goethe's city as a memorial to the master poet of Germany. It was inaugurated on the centenary of his death. Literature was represented by Gerhardt Hauptmann and Thomas Mann

THE NORTHUMBERLAND BORDER

The WILD CHARM of the ROMAN WALL

By GRANVILLE CONWAY and MARY FAIR

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME: The remains of a military camp at Borcovicum near Haltwhistle—one of the largest stations on the anti-Pict wall of Hadrian

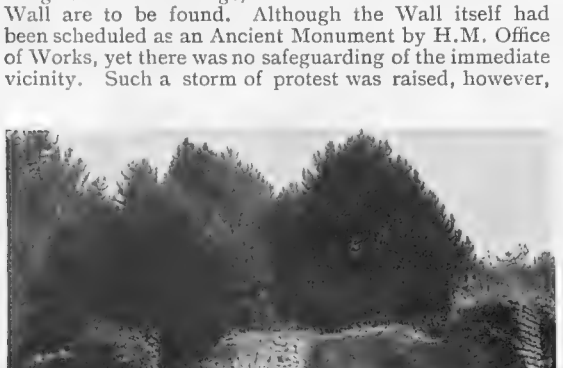
What sign of those that fought and died
At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide
The sunlight and the sward.

KIPLING.

Now that Spring will soon be here and birds begin to sing and buds to burst, while the grass puts on a new green, it is high time for all of us to look round and decide where we are going to spend our week or fortnight's respite from the daily round with most profit and pleasure to ourselves. The photographs above give some indication of the pleasure to be gained from a visit north to some spot giving access to the beautiful and characteristic country traversed by the Wall of Hadrian, say, for example, Chollerford, easily reached by way of Hexham, or Brampton by way of Carlisle. Between these two places lie the most interesting parts of Britain's greatest and most majestic antiquity, and the most striking memorial of Rome's provincial grandeur. Finished in 126 or 127 A.D. and designed to shut the barbarous North from the colonized South, it stretches a monumental gesture of finality, from Bo'ness in Solway to Wallsend, a rampart 73½ miles in length. Its height originally with its parapet was 20 ft., and even now it remains 9 ft. in its highest portions. Twelve hundred years nearly have elapsed since the Venerable Bede wrote in his cell in the monastery at Jarrow of the Wall of Hadrian, dimly discerned in the distance, "which wall is to this day famous and conspicuous, being 8 ft. thick and 12 ft. high."

Along the wall at four-mile intervals were fortified stations; the Notitia Utriusque Imperii, a survey of the civil and military arrangements of the East and West Empires, written about the fifth century, gives the number as twenty-three. It must have required a garrison of 10,000 men and, by computing from modern large undertakings, could not have been built complete with its mile castles, camps, military road, and triple vallum in less than ten years.

Many changes, however, have visited the Wall since the last Roman garrisons left their posts. Vandalism has played its usual part and the wall was found very convenient for building purposes. At Great Chesters there is a fine and huge seventeenth-century farmhouse built entirely of stones from it, and only in those districts where there are no settlements or villages near does the Wall remain of any great height. Vandalism nevertheless persists, and even as late as 1930 an assault was made upon the amenities of the Wall and the country about it. News came that a company was to be formed to carry out quarrying operations over a large area of the great Whinsill Ridge, where the finest sections of the Wall are to be found. Although the Wall itself had been scheduled as an Ancient Monument by H.M. Office of Works, yet there was no safeguarding of the immediate vicinity. Such a storm of protest was raised, however, throughout the country that a Bill was introduced in the autumn to give power to H.M. Office of Works to protect the surroundings of ancient monuments including the Roman Wall, and the quarrying is to be confined so that no damage will be done to the Wall, the military road, or the vallum.



THE RUINED ROMAN BATH at the great Roman fort at Ravenglass on the Cumberland coast where the flank defences were assisted by a harbour overlooked by the fort

Such as it is then, we may hope it will remain, protected from any more than the ravages of wind and weather, and carrying the wonder of its history over hill and dale, along precipitous ridges and lowlying plains, a thing beloved of all those to whom the history and antiquities of their country are precious; here is the finest pleasure-ground for hiker and camper as well as the motor-tourist in wild and beautiful surroundings, replete with the romance of a great people's history.

Much of it has been preserved by the munificence of enthusiastic antiquarians, notably the late Mr. John Clayton of Chesters near Chollerford, who bought every available piece of land purchasable. In the park may be seen all that remains of Cilurnum, one of the largest stations on the Wall, and the Museum contains the finest collection of Roman relics in the country. G. C.

Everyone knows about and most people have visited the Great Wall of Hadrian, that stupendous work marking the Frontier line of the Roman Empire in Britain, stretching from Tyne to Solway. There are many, however, who do not realize that this great barrier needed elaborate defences to guard its vulnerable western flank, and that there is a very complete series of cohort-forts and watch-posts planted at frequent intervals along the Solway shore as far as Ravenglass on the Cumberland coast, with an inner circle of inland forts, the whole linked up by an intricate network of strategic roads, the whole forming a well-planned and comprehensive scheme of rearguard and communications for maintaining the proper control of the frontier of this far-flung outpost of Empire.

One of the key stations of this elaborate system was undoubtedly the harbour at Ravenglass, for there, in the wide estuary where the three rivers, Esk, Irt, and Mite unite to flow out to sea, is a land-locked basin where ships would be safe however bad the weather, protected by the rampart of tawny sand-dunes occupied to-day by a great colony of sea-birds which nests in happy security amongst the wilderness of sandhills. Overlooking the broad estuary of the Esk stands the site, marked by the gaping mouths of its inner and outer northern ditches, of a solidly-built cohort-fort outside which was the usual *vicus* or civil settlement. On the eastern side of this suburb, at the north-eastern corner of the walls of the fort, there still stands, some 12 to 14 ft. high, the ruins of the bath-building of the Roman garrison. You can see the pink-hued plaster still clinging to those solid walls, in one room a niche where doubtless stood the image of the patron god or goddess favoured by the particular regiment posted at that important station; you can pass through the gaping doorways, your feet treading threshold-stones worn hollow by the feet which have trodden upon them through the centuries; there are traces of window embrasures, and the praefurnium aperture of the heating arrangements still exists.

The ruin is romantically placed, about it ornamental trees and shrubs which shield it from the bitter blasts which sweep over this coast-belt from the Irish Sea, and legend knits it up with romance and the Arthurian tradition, for according to a legend which the Elizabethan archæologist Camden was told when he visited this corner of Cumberland, "They talke much of King Eveling that here had his Court and roiall palce." Further, Denton, the seventeenth-century Cumberland historian tells us that "Waldieve also gave other buildings called Lyons Yards (? Gard), often remembered in that history of Arthur written by a monk, the ruins whereof are yet to be seen as it is thought, at Ravenglass distant from Carliell, according to that author fifty miles." So that here at Ravenglass we have the shadowy figures of Arthur and his knights mingling with the ghosts of Roman soldiers and British natives.

M. F.

A STRONGHOLD OF NORTHUMBRIA: The great Whinsill Ridge, near Craglough front on Hadrian's Wall

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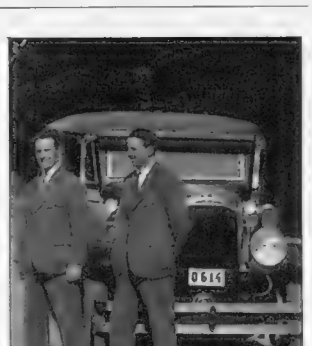
MOTORING

By PHYLLIS B



BUSES AND DRIVERS, on the Stockholm-Gothenburg route

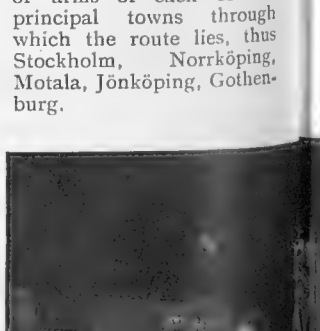
Among the many long-distance buses that run in England there are as far as I know none that have been put on the road solely for tourist traffic. It may therefore be of interest to learn how such a line is maintained in another country.

In 1930. in connection with the Stockholm Exhibition of that year, the Northern Tourist Bureau in Sweden opened a line between Gothenburg and Stockholm which still sersists.

The buses run from Gothenburg and Stockholm respectively three times a week, passing one night at Motala, The big buses are luxuriously fitted up, with well sprung and padded seats, and are designed to hold ten passengers each. Roof-ventilators provide for a good supply of fresh air.

Fitted with powerful engines these buses could do the long distance of about two hundred and sixty miles in a much shorter time than they take. But, being a tourist line, constant stops are made to visit places of interest such as castles from the feudal age, churches, a fine cathedral, old convent ruins, rock-writings, and picturesque market towns.

The cars bear on the panels of the doors the coat of arms of each of the principal towns through which the route lies, thus Stockholm, Norrköping, Motala, Jönköping, Gothenburg.



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IN PROVENCE

WITH the GIPSIES on the RHONE DELTA

By ROY ELSTON

THE GREAT GIPSY CENTRE of Aigues Mortes, a few miles from Les Saintes Maries and an ancient walled city traditionally and intimately associated with Romany

Tzigana and Balalaika music aside—aside, too, the theatricals of Granada—the gipsies are an extraordinarily interesting people when they behave according to other than purely acquisitive instincts. The supreme event of their year, for example, takes place in March, when they gather from every corner of Europe to beat their heads against a slab of basalt in the crypt of a Provençal church.

They come for the most part because their race has been in the habit of doing so for thousands of years. It is not the less impressive because many of them come to capitalize the atmosphere of sentiment with which novelists and musicians have endowed them. I remember asking, in antiquarian zeal, an old gipsy why he goes each year to the pilgrimage at Les Saintes Maries.

"Because the tourists go there," he replied.

"Isn't there a better reason?" I asked.

He spat between his legs and said, "Why else does anyone want to go to such a hole?"

This gathering is, nevertheless, one of the most impressive spectacles in the world. It is the meeting of a thousand swarthy clans, come from as far north as Scotland, as far south as Andalusia, and as far east as Poland, to the common meeting-place of nomadic tribes who probably fulfil a pre-historic tradition. They are the real gipsies, without Hungarian operatics or the drilled flamboyance of Granada.

THE CAR OF STE. MARIE SALOME in the procession at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer attended by gipsies from all Europe

I encountered the pilgrimage for the first time at the town of Saint Gilles, in Langue d'Oc. It is one of the oldest towns in the south, derelict and grey, with its mutilated Romanesque cathedral rising stark from a hill that once looked upon merchant fleets of all the Mediterranean. Now there is no sight of the sea. With its rather sinister desolation, Saint Gilles is a fitting point for the convergence of gipsy paths from Northern Europe, France, Spain, and Portugal. The nomads from the east, more fortunate in their pickings, come along the coast of the Italian and French Rivieras.

They camp a little below the town. The few local scholars and romantics are glad of it. The rest of the citizens dread their approach, and hasten their departure with threats. For days on end clouds of dust bowl along the white roads as wagons, push-carts, small herds of shaggy ponies, obstreperous mules, bedizened asses, and black goats are driven into camp. Alas! I am told that the rusty Ford has appeared among this primitive cavalcade. A northern princess over whom many knives have been sharpened is the possessor of the Ford, and knives are sharpened more readily than ever.

It is only by coming to Saint Gilles that one is able to determine the origin of the tribes. Those from Spain and the South of France have much in common. They are more lissom and better looking than the Northerners. They beg with more art and steal with less. They dance better, and in a matter of knives usually come out on top. The Northern gipsies are sulky, brooding fellows, and their women-folk are less fastidious in dress. It is the difference of the sun. Apart from that peculiar influence, all gipsies are alike, and by the time they reach the salty plains of the Camargue, and halt their caravans before the great fortress-church of Les Saintes Maries, there is hardly anything by which to determine their tribal origin.

They might, indeed, be the ragtag and bobtail of some vast Saracen army camped, as many times during the Middle Ages, before the grim church which serves as the defence of the huddled town. They come streaming across the hot, windy plain like primitive marauders bearing down on the settlements of the sea. The first sign of their goal rises out of the horizon with an air of strange unreality—the gaunt warrior-church of Les Saintes Maries, standing there at the edge of desolation like an ancient, uncouth pyramid raised to a faith ancient and uncouth like itself.

They come nearer and nearer, 10,000 of them, like 10,000 tattered banners. You hear in the distance their tense muttering; the portentous cry of the women as already they implore the pity of Black Sarah and beat their hands on their breasts. Ragged and dusty brats, trotting peevishly behind the wagons, urging forward the herds of black goats, or clinging nervously to the skirts of their elders, are hushed for the only time in the year by the solemnity which strikes the whole straining army.

What does it mean? Who are these people gathered from the four corners of the earth to worship in the crypt of a church where all the Christians of Provence likewise gather, once a year, in the fervour of pilgrimage? I asked that question of a well-known French savant. He shrugged his shoulders, which was much the answer I expected, and added:

"It may be they are the lost tribes of Israel. It may be they are the remnant of the Moorish invasion of the South. Who knows? And as for why they come here, you can make up any theory to suit yourself. It's just as likely to be true as another!"

So I fall back upon myth, which at least has the merit of picturesqueness and sanctity. An old historian asserts that, after the Crucifixion, Mary Magdalene, Mary Jacoby, and Mary Salome, with their servant Sarah and some others of Christ's followers, were cast adrift from the shores of Syria in a frail boat. With divine guidance they sailed through calm and tempest until they were thrown ashore on the coast of Provence. There they landed full of joy and thankfulness.

Mary Jacoby, who was the sister of the Virgin Mary, Salome and their servant, Sarah, remained on the spot to which God had directed them. Mary Magdalene went on to St. Baume, and Martha, another of the holy company, busied himself in ridding the Arlesian countryside of a dragon. In good time, and at a ripe old age, the two Marys and their servant died. It was this black servant, Sarah, who came to be cherished by nomadic tribes of gipsies passing that way at certain seasons of the year; and when she died her tomb became the rallying-point of the whole, strange race.

The Marquis of Baroncelli, one of the Provençal Felibres, is the author of a fascinating gipsy theory. He asserts that the gipsies in their annual pilgrimage to Les Saintes Maries, prolong a tradition which has its roots in the lost continent of Atlantis.

For the theory goes on to say that vast lands of Atlantis, stretching from Africa and Southern Europe to America, were in the possession of a common conglomeration of nomadic tribes, of whom the gipsies of the Old World and the Redskins of the New are the lineal descendants. Believing in Atlantis, it is easy enough to believe that the gipsies are remnants of that continent's inhabitants. Knowing the Redskins in their twentieth-century environment, it is as easy to associate them with the gipsies of Europe. But, alas! The Felibres are a society of romantics, and the Marquis of Baroncelli loved his gipsies.

So do I!

THE MAGNET OF THE NOMADS: The church to William the Tall at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer, the settlement where the "Zigeune" of Europe honour their patron saint, Sarah

in SWEDEN

BRIGGS

The first day, say from Stockholm, the journey starts at half-past nine a.m. The mid-day stop for lunch is made at Norrköping. Linköping cathedral and the convent church of Vreta dating from before Gustavus the First's time are perhaps the two finest sights in a day packed with new scenes and interesting historical excursions round ruins from the Middle Ages.

Dinner in the evening is taken at Motala at the Town Hotel and here rooms booked ahead by the bureau are at the disposal of the travellers. No bother or worry for anyone. A friendly rivalry is felt as to which bus makes Motala first.

LAKE VÄTTERN along which runs the bus route

On the second morning despite the cold wind that is certain to be blowing off Lake Vättern the tourists rise early to catch a glimpse of the town before it is time to breakfast and resume the journey. Lunch on the second day is taken at Jönköping. Gothenburg is reached at about seven p.m.

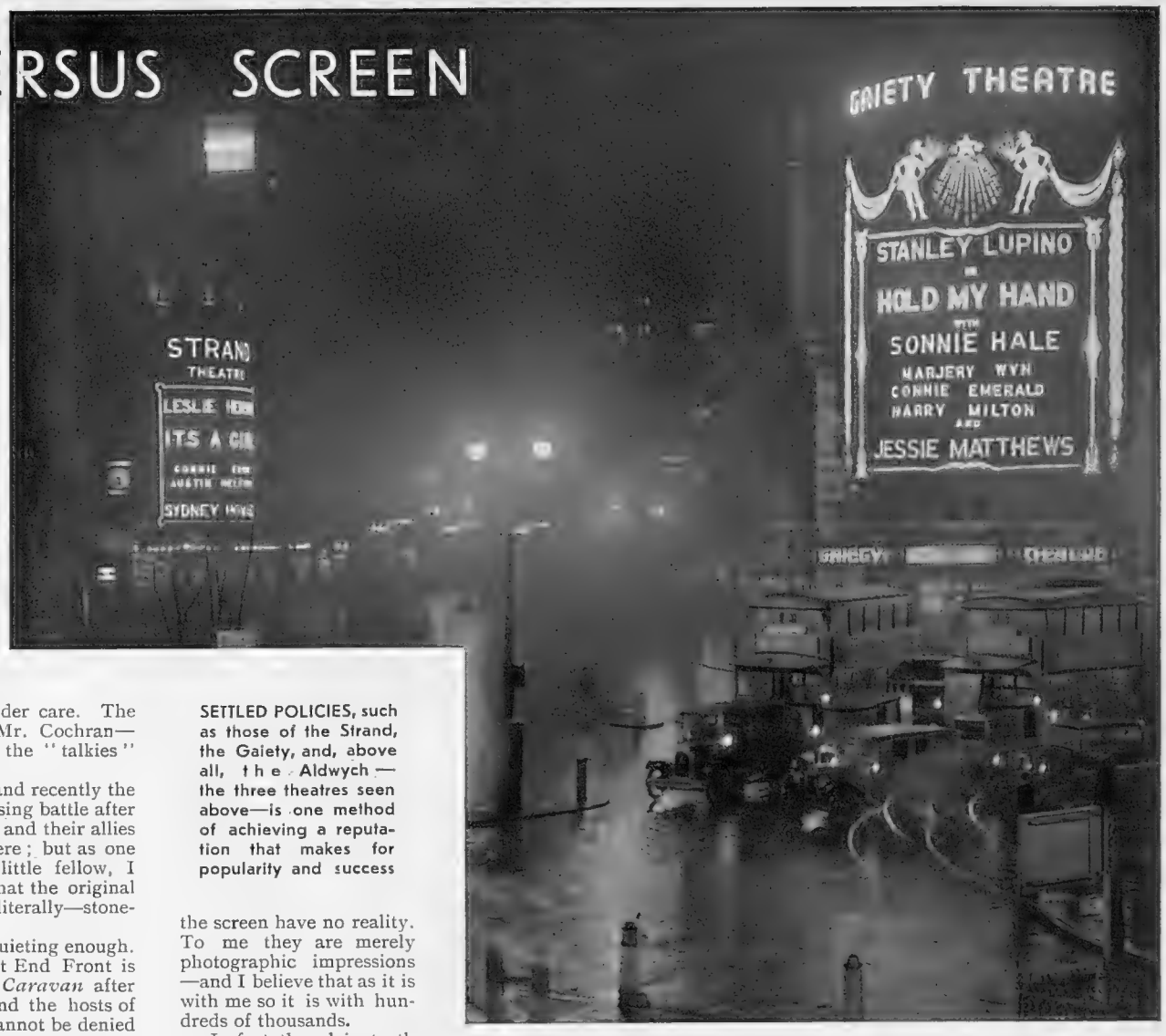
Last year the service was maintained from the first of June to the thirtieth of September. A certain amount of hand luggage is permitted to each passenger but heavy trunks must go by rail. Some there are who go to Stockholm by boat up the famous Göta Canal and return by bus, thus "doing" this picturesque country thoroughly,

with Carl Milles' famous statue Tilbyter

STAGE VERSUS SCREEN

An Examination of a Situation which has Arrived at a Very Acute Stage. Can the Living Drama Maintain or Better Its Position in the Fight with the Talkies?

By W. HOLT-WHITE



SETTLED POLICIES, such as those of the Strand, the Gaiety, and, above all, the Aldwych — the three theatres seen above—is one method of achieving a reputation that makes for popularity and success

Plays have been falling like leaves in Vallambrosa during the past week or so. There may have been intimate reasons in some cases, but the fact remains that these unfortunates have been blown away in a night or two. The mightiest efforts require the most tender care. The battle with the "talkies" is on. Mr. Cochran—perhaps in ironic mood—challenges the "talkies" with a silent drama.

Never was the fight more bitter; and recently the little Davids of the stage have been losing battle after battle with the Goliaths of Hollywood and their allies in Germany, and Elstree and elsewhere; but as one who has every sympathy with the little fellow, I comfort myself with the reflection that the original David killed the original Goliath—literally—stone-dead in that historic combat.

None the less, the prospect is disquieting enough. The latest news of the war on the West End Front is —*Othello* off after four nights and *Caravan* after three. The battle goes to the strong and the hosts of the "Talkies" are very strong. It cannot be denied that the commanders of the "Talkies" are in the ascendant. Money talks; and they make it talk on the screen. Further, they have the Big Ideas, and the brains and drive to put them over. They are organized, rationalized, and now internationalized. From offices and studios of the highest efficiency they broadcast their photographic plays in all the tongues that put a stop to the building of Babel.

But they are not content with that. They are now careful to see that their pictorial pearls are not cast in the mass before mass audiences housed as swine. All over the world they are building palaces for the presentation of their celluloid triumphs. And extraordinarily well they do it. For half a crown the most fastidious may sit at ease and comfort in a well-ventilated house to watch and listen-in to the world's most widely-advertised artists.

Nor are the tetrarchs of the "Talkies" content with this. With their inevitable astuteness they appreciate their disabilities. They realized that with the advent of the "Talkie," the old spectacular film, in which thousands of performers were presented at one time, was dead. There has not yet arisen the mechanical genius who can present a great spectacle plus conversation at the same time. He may, of course, arise at any moment. In which case the theatre will certainly have its back to the wall. Meantime, to compensate for the absence of "spectacles," the "Talkie" houses are encroaching on the domain of the drama.

In the more palatial establishments the monotony of miles of talk is now broken with variety turns—revues in brief, the crash and croon of brilliant bands and orchestras, the inspiring clatter of the feet of Tiller Girls, or an organist, whose name is better known than that of the average Cabinet Minister, is electrically propelled from the depths beneath the stage to set the harmonic waves of his £10,000 instrument surging and breaking round a roof which, with marvellously controlled lights, glints and glimmers like a fantastic mermaid's cave.

Oh, yes, they have the wiles of many serpents, have these sorcerers of the screen. But not all the wiles. One of the true ingredients for ultimate success which they at present lack is originality in the plots of their plays. The film magnates in their anxiety for success are too prone to compete with each other along similar lines. They become, in fact, like a flock of sheep. If one studio puts out a "night life" film, ten others follow. If another puts out a "gangster" film, twenty others hasten in his footsteps. Clair, the brilliant author of *Sous les Toits de Paris*, invented the idea of the air which is sung or hummed all through the picture—and the rest have followed. So we are now not only in danger of being talked to death but hummed, sung, and thrummed to death.

Another disadvantage against which the films have to contend is that in the main they rely on the spell of the canned voice; and, frankly, while I like the comfort and ease and the economy and the organ and the Tiller Girls and the rest, the canned voice has no charm for me. Furthermore, the figures on the screen have no reality. To me they are merely photographic impressions—and I believe that as it is with me so it is with hundreds of thousands.

In fact the plain truth is that if you compare the "Talkies" fair and square with the drama, the drama with all its unrealities, against which we have railed for so long, is infinitely more real than the reel. That is where, if the theatre only knew its business, it could successfully fight back. The trouble is that it does not realize that its true strength lies in its direct personal appeal. Moreover, it is not only demoralized but it is as yet unmobilized.

The theatres are, as it were, a lot of little individual shops, competing against the multiple stores of the cinema, in which the goods, if not hand-made and individual, are at least collectively sound.

What can the theatre do to fight all this scientifically organized opposition? Much, if it would realize that it must live more for the moment and not so much in the past. Tradition is a good thing but results are better. What the theatre really needs is, of course, a Napoleon—some master mind who would capitalize it and rationalize it. And thereafter half a dozen Cæsars who would proceed on the principle of *divide et impera*. Having re-grouped the theatres and given settled policies to the various groups, the Commander-in-Chief should leave the Corps-Commanders to eliminate competition and work out their own salvation. But there should be a firing party for every commander who failed to bring victory.

After all, policy — which is strategy — is half the battle, if it be the right policy.

It became popular to jeer at the old actor-managers; but whatever their vanities, they at least knew their strengths. They had settled policies and their houses were nearly always full. For a settled policy pays.

Take, for example, among the theatres of to-day, the Aldwych, the Whitehall, and the Palace. All these theatres have settled policies based on certain types of plays; and they seldom know a failure.

The next person to consider is the producer, whether lessee, manager, or producer proper. The difficulty, of course, is the lack of first-class playwrights, and the producer's folly at the present moment is trying to get a play from a first-class playwright, whether that play suits his policy or not.

But there are plenty of good playwrights—not in the first flight—who, given an idea and a policy and a cast to work on, could turn out first-class stuff. After all, this is the policy pursued by the film magnates and it is self-evident that it pays.

But the new producers must be bold and ruthless men who do not balk at the idea of doing something because it has never been done before. For though people may talk a deal about "the art of the drama," what the public wants is something attuned to the psychology of the times with a dash of novelty thrown in.

What appears to be new is not always new. Take the revolving stage. The Coliseum has had one for nearly thirty years but its existence seems to have been overlooked till it became necessary to produce *White Horse Inn*.

The revolving stage was hailed as a mechanical revolution and certainly it gave *Late Night Final* its "zip" and partially saved *Grand Hotel* from dullness.

The playwrights were frightened of the revolving stage, thinking that it would reduce their profits when the plays went on tour. Their fears were groundless. *White Horse Inn* is to tour the provinces with its own revolving stage, and *Late Night Final* has also found its own way of salvation.

But it is useless to institute policies or reform production with the actual buildings of the theatres as they are. A number of the older houses ought to be scrapped, and it is a pity that the architects for the new ones have not been more discreet.

After all, the stage has a "past" while the talkies are essentially modern, and the interiors of many of the modern theatres have been over-jazzed. The futuristic effects in some of them dominate the atmosphere and militate against the play. Some happy medium should be found.

Julius Cæsar is excellent amid the Edwardian amenities of His Majesty's where the shade of Tree still seems to linger. But the idea of *Julius Cæsar* in a jazz palace makes one grit one's teeth. *The Moor of Venice* never looked more out of place than in the New Savoy.

No, the theatre should remember that it is a theatre and not trick itself out in the meretricious gee-gaws of the movies.

All these things apart, it will never pay until it provides decent accommodation at prices which people can afford. Recently, I paid 12s. 6d. for the privilege of sitting on a broken spring. So I tried an amphitheatre where I sat on a wooden bench and had to crane through bars. The accommodation had rather the appearance of the Old Bailey dock.

Another problem which must be solved, and solved on courageous lines, is the question of dress. Nothing is more uncomfortable than sitting in the stalls in morning dress when one's neighbours are in evening dress; unless it be to sit in a stall in evening dress next to people in tweeds. I suggest that some enterprising manager might experiment on resorting to the old music-hall system whereby the first few rows of the stalls were labelled "Fauteuils." In those seats evening dress should be obligatory. Stalls should be reduced in price and people should be encouraged to feel that they could go dressed as they pleased.

And one day some manager may build a neat and inexpensive restaurant on the roof of his house from which one can descend in comfort just before the curtain goes up. It would save hunting for taxies at the busiest hour of the evening.

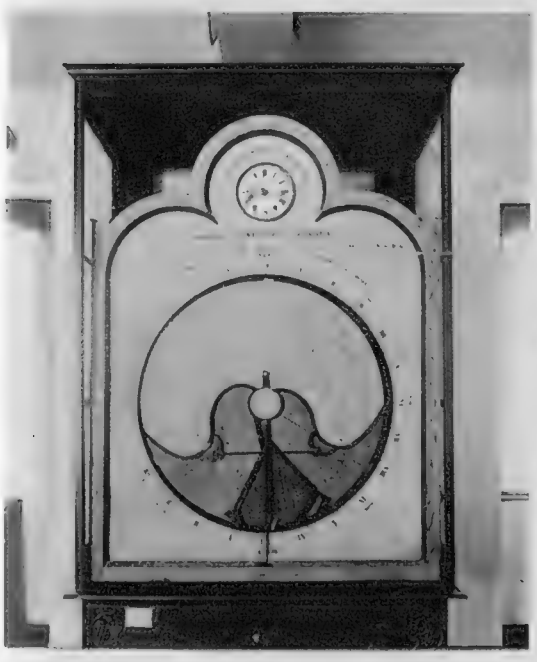
But even if all these suggestions were to become practical realities, the theatres would still have to reform their advertising. More often than not, it is impossible to discover from the hoardings, or even from the bills outside the theatre itself, what the play is about. In nine cases out of ten you cannot tell whether the theatre is providing comedy, farce, tragedy, or musical comedy.

BASQUE FURNITURE

THE KITCHEN has its fireplace built out in the old French fashion. The gun-rack over the mantelpiece and the characteristically attractive ornamental utensils are typical of the district

THE BEDROOM has an austere charm, lent by its white-washed walls, relieved with the striped hangings on the canopied bed. The door gives a note of the primitive to the ensemble

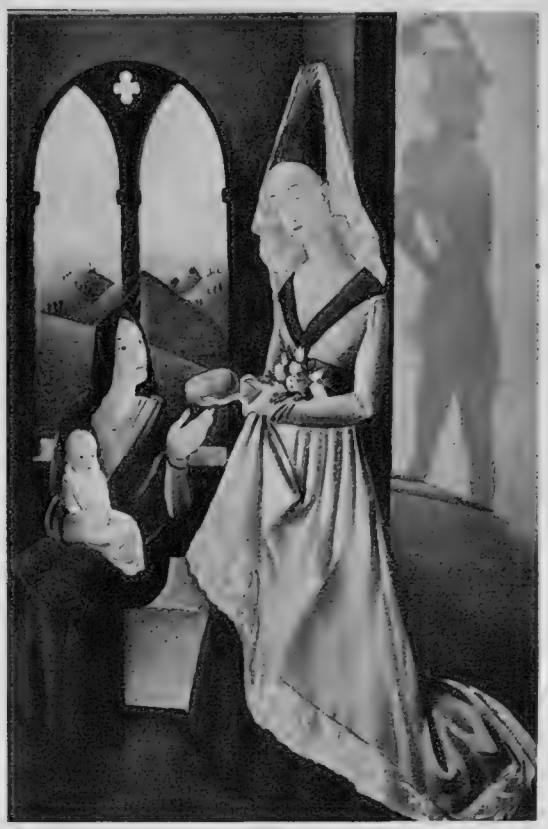
TÊTE-À-TÊTE FOR TEA: A delightful double-chair between the seats of which, forming the interior arms, a flap of the back folds down on a single leg to make a small teatable



A MIRACLE OF INGENUITY: A remarkable clock with strings radiating across a stretched map of the world, tells the time in any place. It is known as "the clock of the world"

The Basque Museum at Bayonne is housed in a picturesque building of genuinely antique Bayonnais design. Each room is furnished in the fashion of the Basques, that strange Pyrenean race, unconquered throughout the ages; whose language and race is undetermined and whose gifts to the modern world have been Pelota, Borotra, and Foch. The museum makes a delightful excursion from Biarritz which is about a quarter of an hour away by car or train

MODERN CONTINENTAL ART



ST. ELISABETH OF HUNGARY: An oil painting by Paul Molnar-C., of Budapest, exhibited in the Exposition Internationale d'Art Sacré at Padua. The shadow of the military power is symbolic of the Saint's life

THE RUSSIA OF YESTERDAY: A fascinating reproduction in paint of the atmosphere of the Moscovy that the Soviet is gradually killing, by Westchiloff, who has been working in Paris

HUNTING: A vivid canvas by the well-known Austrian painter of animals, Frau Norberthina von Bresslern-Roth which is unusual in that humanity is represented in the foreground. The men are, however, as near native as it is possible for them to be!

There is a definite and welcome note of realism returning to modern Continental art as the three pictures above eloquently testify. The Molnar "St. Elisabeth"—the wife of the Thuringian prince, Louis IV—for instance, shows a comprehensible suggestion of the military power that menaced her short and remarkable life. This saint lived and died 700 years ago. The Russian canvas recalls a Muscovy that under the impulse of Stalin is rapidly vanishing. The third canvas reproduced above comes from the famous Austrian animal painter—so specialist is she that few human figures are to be found in her pictures — Norberthina von Bresslern-Roth. Her power is extraordinary, the strength of her work far transcending that of many men. The decorative quality of all her compositions commends itself to modern critics

FOREIGN SCULPTURES

THE DIARY kept by the three Danish explorers, Erichsen, Hagen, and Broenlund, who perished in Greenland in 1917, has been reproduced on their memorial by Karl Nielsen erected in Copenhagen

IN MEMORIAM: The obverse of the Karl Nielsen Memorial to the three Danish explorers, Erichsen, Hagen, and Broenlund, in Copenhagen, shows them in futuristic style dragging along with sledge and dogs

ULTRA-MODERN: A metal lion by J. J. Martel, in the *style moderne* home of the Polish-Parisian painter, Mme Lempicka, a clever solution of a difficult if not altogether necessary problem in technique

"THE KNIGHT ERRANT OF SPANISH LIBERTY": The bust portrait in marble by Rudulph Evans of New York, of the Venezuelan hero, General Francisco de Miranda, to be placed in the Pan-American Building

A strange new monument, is to be seen at Langenlinie in Copenhagen. It has been erected in remembrance of the Danish Polar explorers, Mylius Erichsen, Hagen, and Broenlund, who had perished in the icefields of Greenland in 1917. The relief was modelled by the Danish sculptor, Karl Nielson. On one side the three polar explorers are seen dragging themselves along with their sledge. The other side of the stone is covered with passages from the diary of Broenlund

Model by Norman Hartnell

Miss Jeanne Stuart in *It's A Girl* has chosen a white crêpe romain, made with graduated tucks up her unusually tall and slender figure. The separate cape is trimmed in one-sided fashion with white fox fur

FASHION on the STAGE and SCREEN

By BLANCHE ELLIOTT

The stage has ever intimately influenced English life and to-day it is the acknowledged vehicle for the expression of all that is new in modern thought, art and fashion. Beautiful clothes play an increasingly important part on its feminine side, and we are beginning to look to the stage to lead us in the skilful presentation of beauty

While many people go to the theatre to see a play, a large number certainly go to see the dresses of any actress celebrated for her chic and good taste in clothes, and on the programme the name of the dressmaker is announced in as large a type, or larger, as the author whose brain conceived the plot.

The influence of the stage on fashion is undoubtedly enormous and it affords a wonderful opportunity for the ambitious designer to launch new modes. In this the personality of the actress helps greatly. Amongst our older actresses, Marie Tempest was famous for her dresses. Lily Elsie was another whose personality "got across" the footlights, and the famous Lily

Model by Kay Norton

On left—Miss Peggy Wood wears in *The Cat and the Fiddle* this frock that has set all London talking—and copying. Of white cotton piqué, it has a Honolulu garland of ragged piqué flowers

Model by Norman Hartnell

Lovely Miss Carol Goodner in *Musical Chairs* wears a frock of deep amethyst chiffon, trimmed with tiny pin tucks and having two little frills running along the hip line

Model by Peter Russell

Miss Eileen Peel in *Vile Bodies* wears an attractive low-backed black frock of *peau d'ange*, hand tucked and pleated at the foot. The coat of white corduroy is lined with taffeta and has a bunch of white violets on the shoulder

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

This reversion to the simplicities of cotton is but taking a hint from the cunning old Victorians who realized to the full the psychological value of "book" and spotted muslins, where freshness and innocent youth were concerned, making satins and velvets look like sartorial parvenues.

Miss Peggy Wood's other frock has great novelty in the bands or straps which compose the bodice, while Miss Carol has chosen a deep amethyst shade as a foil to her youth and freshness. Miss Eileen Peel has a gleaming black frock and white full coat, while most people will "fall for" the silver roses armlets worn by Miss Corinne Griffiths.

Model by Kay Norton

Miss Peggy Wood has another original idea in the bands of pale green strappings which form the décolletage of her white crêpe romain frock. With it is worn a short matching green velvet coat with deep puff sleeves

Elsie curls influenced the coiffure of several continents; her hats, even her walk, became the rage.

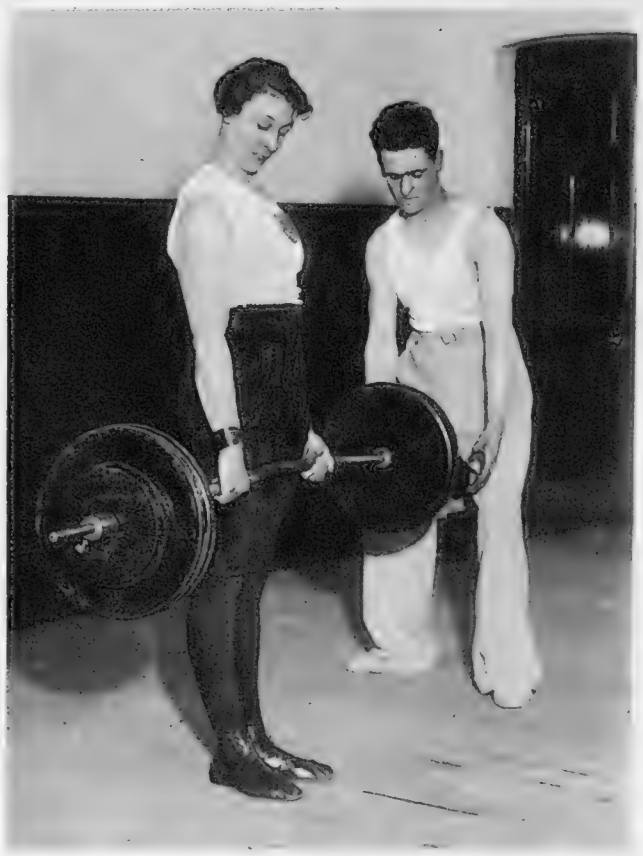
Many of our younger actresses are quick to realize dress values. Beautiful frocks attract that magic thing, "publicity," for feminine interest is instantly aroused at their presentation. The happy combination brought about to-day between the British designer and the beautiful wearer of his frocks makes for the success of all concerned and assists in the great movement for the establishment of British fashion designing.

The meaning and value of clothes is perhaps being better studied and understood to-day than ever before; colours are used with a better relation to lighting and atmosphere and the whole subject of dress viewed from a different angle from the rather prejudiced one of its pure frivolity. To-day, there are flamboyant frocks for the vamp, distinguished dresses for the woman of the world and ingenuously simple frocks for the ingénue. A novel idea is valuable, whatever its source, and it is instantly seized on as dress "news." Shown here are a few beautiful women in lovely frocks, Miss Peggy Wood wears probably the most talked-of dress in London in the dead white piqué. She told me the history of its creation. The search for a suitable dress for her part was conducted by Mrs. Cochran herself, who, after seeing many models, at last discovered in Chanel's salons the right idea in a frock which possessed the touch of "brilliant simplicity" required. Made on simple tailored lines, its feature is the extravagant, almost flaunting, Honolulu, garland of piqué flowers which has occasioned its popularity and without which it is just the simplest little cotton frock. It launders beautifully for the sum of 1s. 6d., Miss Peggy Wood told me, but as its very essence is that it should be perfectly fresh and spotless, such launderings are frequent.

Miss Corinne Griffiths, a beautiful Hollywood star who has come to capture Elstree in the film version of Michael Arlen's *Lily Christine*. She is wearing a delightful novelty from America in armlets of oxidized silver roses which clip on the arm and accompany an ivory satin frock

THE SOCIAL SIDE

ROYALTY GOES SHOPPING: The Princess Royal with her two sons, Viscount Lascelles and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, are seen above in Oxford Street. Lord Harewood and the Princess Royal have now taken up residence at their new house in Green Street, Park Lane



THE CHAMPION: Miss Ivy Russell, who defeated her nearest competitor by 80 lb. in the weight-lifting championship held at the Croydon Swimming Baths a few days ago

PROMOTED: Mr. Justice Wright who has just been sworn in as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary as Lord Wright of Durley with Lady Wright

A LOAD OF MISCHIEF: A Samoyed borne in to the Kensington Canine Society's Show at the Crystal Palace lest he get splashed

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MARKET organized and run by Lady Verney, the wife of the secretary to the Speaker. The "market" is situated in a mews behind her house in Ennismore Gardens

MADAME RECAMIER AND HER SUITOR: Mr. Frederick Ashton and Miss Pearl Argyle, two popular English dancers, who are appearing in Charles B. Cochran's *Magic Nights*—the new supper show at the Trocadero Restaurant

PRESTIDIGITATION: Master Richard Barrs *(centre)*, who won the boys' conjuring contest, supported by Mr. Jasper Maskelyne *(left)* and Mr. Oswald Williams, during the competition at Maskelyne's Theatre

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'** — *"why be vague?"*

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR with his private secretary, Mr. G. H. Shelswell-White, on the steps of the Palace, about to leave for a run in the new Humber Pullman limousine of which His Highness recently took delivery

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S CHOICE: One of the two Rolls Royce Continental touring saloons owned by Sir Malcolm Campbell. The coachwork of the above is made by J. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd.

AGGRAVATING ACCESSORIES.—Whilst the design in motor-cars in general has progressed considerably in recent years, some of the more essential accessories have failed to reach the same state of perfection. Foremost amongst these is the automatic windscreen wiper. There are various types of this accessory and it is operated by various means. During the past twelve months I have had experience with practically every type and many of the faults appear to be common to all. The greatest annoyance which the windscreen wiper gives to the driver is its insistence in gradually falling down to a vertical position when not actually in operation. Manufacturers are evidently aware that their products tend to give trouble in this way because nearly every windscreen wiper has some form of catch which is supposed to keep it well up out of the way of the driver's view ahead. On my own car this accessory is operated by suction from the induction pipe. It is fitted with a screw-down needle valve which will stop the arm operating. There is also a slide which when pushed to the right sends the arm up almost to a horizontal position where it is quite out of the way. So long as I do not screw up the needle valve the suction from the engine maintains the arm in that desirable position but if the suction is cut off the arm gradually falls down. I find it undesirable for the slow running of the engine to have the windscreen wiper continually coupled up to the induction manifold, and so I am forced every now and again to open the needle valve in order to restore the arm to the position which does not interfere with my vision. On other cars I have driven a similar trouble manifested itself. Surely it should be quite a simple matter to be able to lock the arm in the desired "off" position.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS NECESSARY.—I wonder how many drivers are satisfied that the swinging arm of their windscreen wiper presses against the screen at the right pressure. Very few wipers are constructed so that this pressure can be adjusted at will. This is another improvement which should not be difficult to effect. Times out of number, when the enterprising garage hand wipes the windscreen before the car is taken out he accidentally pushes the arm right up to the top or bottom of the windscreen in such a manner that when the wiper is needed the wretched thing is completely out of adjustment and will not work. That on my car is so constructed that the arm can be lifted clean away at right angles to the windscreen itself, and this is an improvement for which the makers deserve due credit.

When a new windscreen wiper is purchased, the buyer is usually assured that it is silent in operation. In many instances this statement is correct, but what the salesman usually forgets to add is that after a hundred miles or so the mechanism will make a noise. Surely if the fitting can be quiet in the first instance it should be possible to construct it so that it retains that attribute.

A MUD-WIPER WANTED.—Having dealt with windscreen-wipers as they are, a few words as to what they might be and might do, will not be out of place. After rain, when the roads are wet but it is fine overhead, the splash or spray from a car ahead will very soon cover a windscreen with mud. The ordinary wiper when put into action on such occasions makes matters really worse, so that in the end the driver is compelled to stop and wipe the screen himself. Surely it is not beyond the wit of man to invent a windscreen-wiper which will clear a windscreen in such circumstances. On a cold day, when the occupants of a saloon keep the windows shut, the inside of the windscreen frequently becomes misty and the driver's vision is obscured. A blade inside as well as outside would certainly be helpful on such occasions.

The various points I have raised, and the suggestions I have made have probably been thought of by every motorist, and I therefore think there is a great scope for a windscreen manufacturer to come out with a new design. All I hope is that the firm will be a British one, and that when the perfect wiper does arrive I shall get early intimation of its appearance.

It is the Freshness

of 'Country Life' Tobacco that makes it possible to fill ones' pipe time after time and smoke on with undiminished enjoyment.

1/1D. per oz. and 2 oz. pocket tins at 2/2D.

Player's "Country Life" SMOKING MIXTURE

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

C.L.10A

'It will be on sale on May 1st EVERYWHERE!'

'Why isn't Summer Shell ready yet?'

THE COMING GREAT SALES

of the Season at Christie's and Sotheby's

AN ARCHER'S SHIELD of the late XVth century to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 11. This shield is made of wood, covered with parchment and canvas painted green, and with a broad central ridge, flanked by two shields

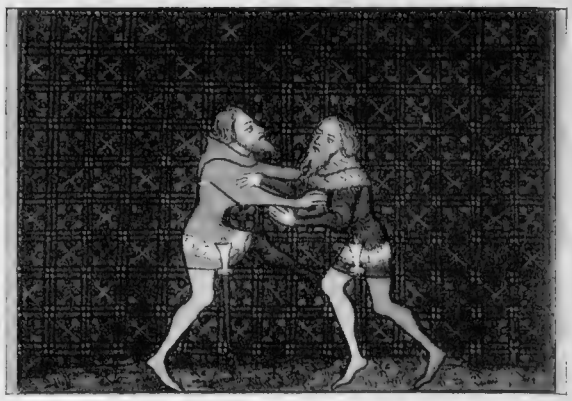
The leading sale rooms of London have just issued some catalogues foretelling sales of of exceptional interest — sales which indicate the coming of the London season, which arrives to date however long the much-abused English summer may delay its appearance. As one scans through the profusely illustrated catalogue of the manuscripts belonging to Mr. Chester Beatty, or of the fine furniture of Sir John Ramsden, or of the splendid armour coming from Stockholm, one can picture the crowded rooms of Messrs. Christie and Messrs. Sotheby, when the collectors vie with one another to secure some of the rare lots which will be placed before them.

The first sale of importance will be the armour at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 10, when some really beautiful weapons, rich with inlay of gold and silver and fine chiselling on the steelwork will be sold. There is a particularly fine halberd (fitted with a double-action wheel pistol) which is etched all over with strap-work ornament and medallion portraits and some crossbows of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, one of which, belonging to Queen Marie Leczinska of France, has its steelwork evidently chiselled over with elaborate ornamentations of birds, masks, monsters, and acanthus leaves. An archer's shield of Swiss or German origin made of wood covered with parchment and canvas, painted green, and decorated with two armorial shields, stands out among the fine weapons which form the collection of Major Tp. Jabokssson of Stockholm.

Of overmastering interest to the general collector will be the eight-day sale at Messrs. Christie's during the last week in May, of the furniture, tapestries, bronzes, pictures, and books belonging to Sir John Ramsden, and coming from his seat at Balstrode near Gerrard's Cross. When one remembers that two years ago 2,800 guineas was given for a Queen Anne walnut suite sent by the same owner to the sale room, one can confidently expect great enthusiasm in the bidding. The finest piece is considered to be the settee by Chippendale, upholstered with the finest petit-point needlework, but there are some almost equally fine card tables and a set of five armchairs by the same great furniture designer.

For the lovers of fine needlework there are some rare examples of late Tudor and early Stuart work, and a particularly rich needlework casket, showing allegorical

AN OPENING OF THE MOSTYN GOSPELS, one of the rare manuscripts to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 7. On the left appears St. Luke, seated with his proper emblems. It is one of the four representations of the evangelists which are the distinguishing feature of these Gospels



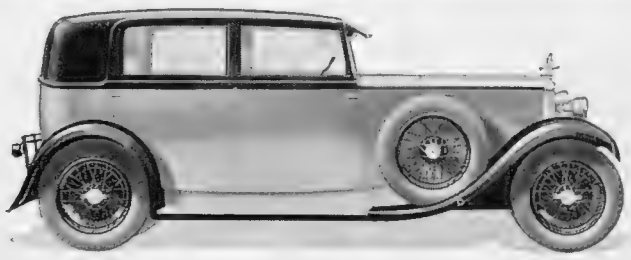
HERCULES WRESTLING WITH ANTÆUS: This illustration comes from the *Histoire Ancienne* of the late XIVth century, which belonged to Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, who was beheaded in 1477

subjects. There are two cushions of English eighteenth century needlework for which a high price is anticipated if they are to emulate the example of their four fellow cushions for which Messrs. Amor in 1930 paid no less than 1,500 guineas.

The famous Chester Beatty collection of illuminated MSS. is to be disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby, who will give a series of annual sales extending over four years. There are only thirty-six lots in the first sale, which takes place on the 7th of June—but the catalogue is a very bulky one, containing large reproductions of some of the illustrations and will be much valued by collectors even at its high price of one guinea. These MSS. are of rare quality and some of them have never before appeared in the sale room, having been acquired from private sources. Mr. Chester Beatty has long been known as a distinguished collector of rare MSS. and has succeeded in gathering together a collection which has few rivals. We shall be able to see in the sale room the volumes made for kings, queens, high clerics, and soldiers of the troubled mid-centuries who, as Mr. Yates Thompson said, "found time, taste, and it may be added money, for the collection of these exquisite volumes."

Perhaps the most important among these MSS. are the Six Leaves from a thirteenth century Psalter—a psalter which has never been traced, but the illuminator was discovered by Dr. S. Cockerell a few years ago to be a certain W. de Brailles, who had put his signature upon his work. Very little is known of this clever artist, and it is only conjecture that gives the village of Brailles in Warwickshire as a possible birthplace.

ALVIS



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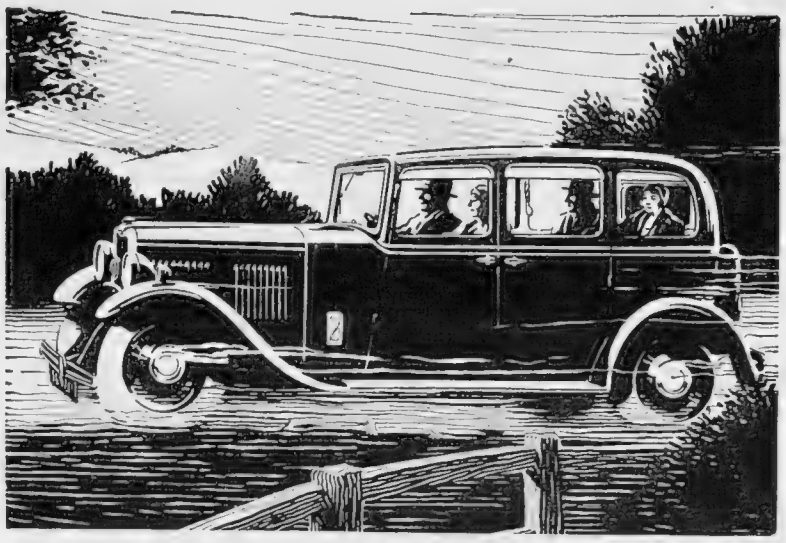

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CONTINUATIONS

A COAL MINER'S LIFE ABOVE GROUND *(Continued from p. 141)*

950 children, although New Ollerton is only seven years old. It is true that some of the miners came from other parts with their own children. But most of them are born locally. People who remember Ollerton ten years ago may regret the erection of this mining village so close to Rufford and Welbeck and Thoresby and Clumber. The fact remains that it would be impossible to have a village planned more scientifically, kept more cleanly, or better built.

After our tour of the various streets let us come in to Bobbie's own house, meet his wife, and look at his report book. It is more amusing and varied even than applications on Monday morning at Thames Police Court. Every kind of problem presents itself for Bobbie's solution. A small boy steals another small boy's cap. The parent goes to get it, speaks pointedly to the delinquent's mother, the mother calls the husband and trouble is brewing. Somehow Bobbie soothes them all down. He has one weapon of discipline. He can always threaten to turn turbulent householders out of the village. But he has done it only three times in the whole of his career.

Cheek by jowl with the cap-snatching episode is that of the lodger who changed his lodgings, had too many pints of beer, came back to his original lodgings at 5 a.m., found the door locked, and threw lumps of coal exasperatedly through the window panes of his late landlord. That was fixed also at the cost of eleven shillings. Another man who was obtaining disability benefit was seen by the lynx-eyed Bobbie at Mansfield, ten miles away, working the roundabouts at a fair. Bobbie could have got him imprisonment for this. But he merely made the sinner repay to the Company the disability money he had drawn during his round-abouts engagement.

"He often sits by the window for hours at a time thinking out problems," his pretty young wife told me. "But I don't interfere with questions. It's his business to keep the village quiet and happy. He never asks my advice, either."

According to Bobbie, there are only about thirty bad characters in the whole of the village, and their delinquencies are of a trifling nature. Occasionally there is coal stealing. Sometimes the rent is not paid. Poaching for rabbits is not uncommon. Once a man was shot in the shoulder. Fights are infrequent. Arguments about the washing and dogs which spoil the allotments are the commonest causes of a disturbance of the peace.

Such is life in the mining village of to-day—a village, however, which basks in the contentment of a Spencer Union. That, together with Bobbie, are the two chief ingredients in the happiness of Ollerton. George Spencer, the former M.P. for a division of Nottingham, gave his name to a state of affairs in which the miners are friendly with the owners and the owners with the men. Friction is deliberately avoided on either side. At New Ollerton, there are only twenty-five men who are members of the ordinary miners' trade union. Thus it is that the Company looks after the men, houses them well, gives them a Rolls-Royce ambulance, lays out sports grounds for them, and in return has no trouble with the men, even though times are lean. Here at least there is peace in the coalfields.

When they cannot work in the mine, they tend their gardens and allotments, play football and cricket, bowls and tennis. At night they play cribbage and dominoes, snooker and tippet, drink their beer, beget families, and hope for better times. Short-legged on the whole, they are clean and orderly, with complaints from neighbours if anyone uses much foul language. They are drawn from all parts of the country, yet there seems to be no antagonism. They are tired of strikes. They never liked strikes. They have a very strong branch of the British Legion in their midst. They are good fellows, hate the dole, and appreciate fully what the colliery owners do for them, and what they are up against in the way of direct competition from oil. All they want is a full working week with full pay and no dole. Let us hope that new tariffs will enable them to get it.

BOOKS *(Continued from p. 146)*

in Indiana. I have made the same trip, in the same manner, and every page evokes the scene with marvellous fidelity to detail and atmosphere. It is part of the quality of Dreiser's work that he invests the common day with passionate interest. The casual encounters in these 500 pages never weary the mind because Dreiser never shirks an opinion of life. What he thinks and what he feels, whether standing in a cornfield, or at the vortex of City traffic, becomes vital. He follows a man into his house, and afterwards into his mind. The whole world is a theatre with an unending drama. You will devour this book, or be unable to read a page of it.

Hunted, by P. S. Nazaroff (Blackwood. 7s. 6d.) is a very remarkable story of a Russian's escape from the clutches of the Bolsheviks. It bears the hall-mark of truth, though the ordeal, the chances, the horrors, the nightmare quality of the story, make it well-nigh incredible. I wonder how anyone can tolerate for a moment the foul regime at Moscow, despite the constant testimony, from independent witnesses, of the murderous instincts of the Bolsheviks. Mr. Nazaroff, a geologist, a naturalist, and a skilled hunter, has here told the story of the Bolshevik rising at Tashkent, in 1918, of his hunted life in Turkestan, of the terrors of prison, the threat of torture, the overthrow of civilization, of his thousand-mile wandering over the Tien Shan mountains into a Chinese outpost. There is no attempt to heighten the effects, and Mr. Nazaroff has a vivid pen that is competent to describe the chances of his amazing Odyssey. Cool, with an eye for the beauty of Nature amid the foulness of men, it is the book of a cultured man who contrives to write without bitterness, who faced death frequently, and remained philosophical. "Hunted" is the correct title.

I really do not know why writers keep returning to the subject of Byron's incest. Here is a French biographer, *Byron, and the Need of Fatality*, by Charles du Bos (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), who goes to infinite trouble and fills nearly three hundred pages to prove that Byron's guilty love for his sister made him a poet. We have accepted the crime long ago. But to suggest that incest gave Byron depth and mystery as a poet is to show to what absurd lengths criticism can go. It happens that Byron had neither, and we shall be slow to accept the theory that poets write better after a course of incest. In some phases Byron was a blackguard, he was undoubtedly mad, he wrote brilliant verse and immortal prose. Death was his best friend. It took him in a histrionic pose while he was play-acting to the world as a liberator. That he has been mistaken for a hero seems no reason for these inquests upon him as a monster.

The White Flame, by Max René Hesse (Faber and Faber. 7s 6d.), will weary English readers with its long descriptions of theoretical battles fought between an adjutant and a cadet who worshipped his genius. The real point of the story does not emerge until the end, the breath of scandal upon their association, and the suicide of the adjutant. The end is most powerfully written, but the approach is extremely dreary for anyone not absorbed in military tactics.

Four Days, by G. Spencer Pryse (Lane. 7s. 6d.), covers August 28—31, 1914. It is a most vivid description by an eye witness of the German penetration following Mons. But the value of this excellent reporting is spoilt for me by the pages of invented dialogue, clearly beyond the feat of recollection, which give the book the character of fiction and yet make it less than history.

A Rabbit in the Air, by David Garnett (Chatto and Windus. 5s.), is a careful record of the first impressions of a man learning to fly narrated with the art of a creator of fiction. But why "Rabbit"—does this refer to "tails-up"?

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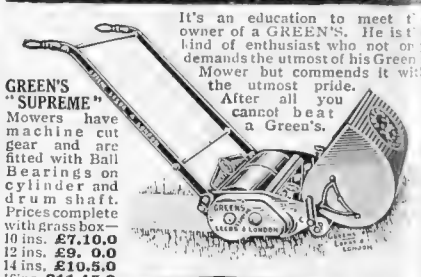

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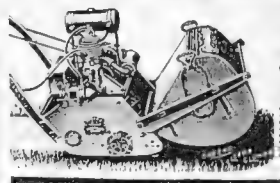

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NOTES AND NEWS

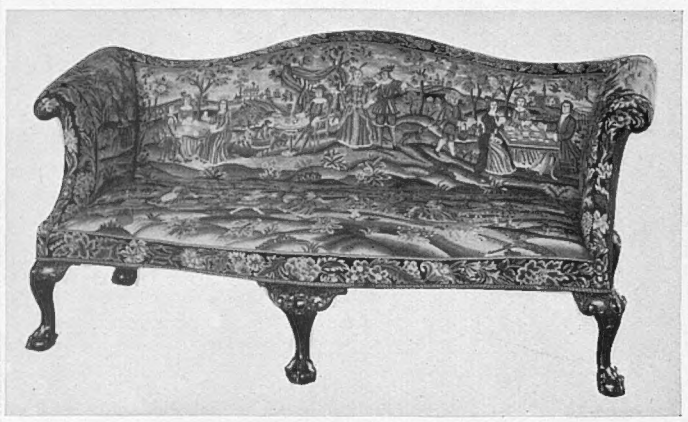
PONTRESINA'S YOUNGEST PALÜ CLIMBER is Master Wickard Möllendorf, who at the age of ten claims the honour of being the youngest member of the Mountaineering Guild. He has climbed the three Pizzi Palü from Pontresina accompanied by his mother and the guides MM. Stoffel and Negri

DISABLED SOLDIERS EMBROIDERY INDUSTRY

The Disabled Soldiers Embroidery Industry, which was started during the last year of the War, has taught over 400 totally disabled ex-Service men to do embroidery. Over ninety members are now employed by the industry. The Queen takes a very great interest in these disabled men and in the beautiful work they do, and many orders have been executed for her. A year ago two beautiful maps in petit point were worked for the Prince of Wales. The Princess Royal is another generous patron. Embroidery of all kinds is undertaken by the industry, and it is essential that a market should be maintained for this beautiful work, so that these disabled men should be kept employed. A sale will be held at 42, Princes Gate by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Rees-Mogg on May 4 and 5.

BRITISH WORKERS TO MAKE SWISS SPECIALITY

The realization by foreign manufacturing experts that English labour can do a specialized work as skilfully as any other is well evidenced by the taking over of the English business of Suchards by Peek Frean and Co., Ltd. Some of the specially-designed Suchard machinery has now been transferred from Switzerland to the Meltis Factory at Bedford. Here an increased staff of British workpeople will continue to make the well-known Suchard chocolates under the superintendence of a few Swiss experts. The public will have full confidence that the renowned Suchard standard of quality will be maintained.



BEAUTY MADE BY BROKEN HANDS: A settee, the petit point cover of which has been embroidered by members of the Disabled Soldiers Embroidery Industry, organized by the Friends of the Poor, which is holding an exhibition in Princes Gate on May 4 and 5

KING ALFONSO AT TORQUAY

A few days ago ex-King Alfonso of Spain visited Torquay in company with his son, Don Juan, who has become a midshipman in the British Navy. During the afternoon the visitors took tea at the Palace Hotel, and ex-King Alfonso requested Mr. R. C. Willard, the manager, to show him around the hotel and grounds. King Alfonso evinced great interest in all that he was shown, and in the grounds he remarked that the cork tree was a particularly fine specimen and must be at least 150 years old. King Alfonso evidently had great practical knowledge of forestry, for he was able to give Mr. Willard several hints as to the proper treatment of the cork tree, explaining that on his estates in Spain there were no fewer than 5,000 of them.

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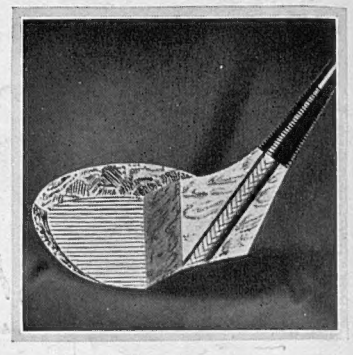

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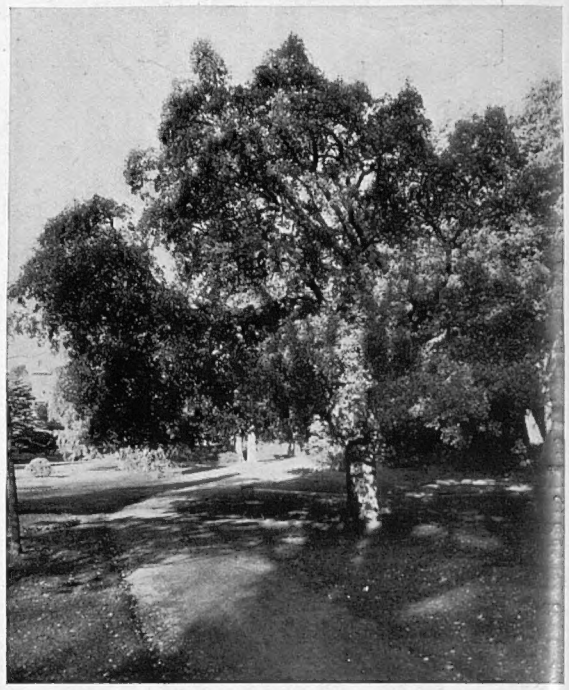
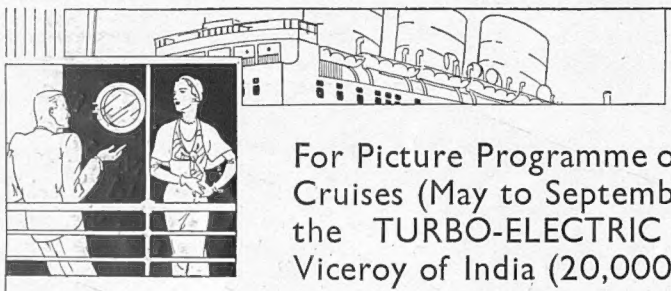


THE TREE A KING ADVISED ON: The fine cork tree in the gardens of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, which attracted the attention of King Alfonso during his recent visit to Britain's Riviera



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Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
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Freddie : "It wasn't exactly obstinacy; you can't get away from the 'Tote's' aggregate figures — they beat Starting Prices."

Sir Edward : "I am surprised at your simplicity, Freddie. Don't you know how the figures are arrived at?"

Freddie : "No, you might explain the mystery."

Sir Edward : "The aggregate 'Tote' figures are bolstered up by extravagant returns against forlorn outsiders which sometimes win but which no sensible man would think of backing."

Freddie : "I think you must be right, because each time I have had a winning 'Tote' bet I could have had better odds at Starting Price."

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Freddie : "I'll know better for the future. It's the old story—'live and learn.'"

Follow Sir Edward's advice— Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON

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